

Democritus Ridens :

OR,

Comus and Momus,



A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Com. **H**olloo, Holloo, St—St—Stew Querry,
Hey there Doubt, Holloo Scruple—
to him Jest— Ah brave Earnest.

Mom. How now Tan-belly, what
are you doing?

Com. Why Devils-bird, Son of Erebus and
Night, I am making my self sport, setting together
by the Ears Heraclitus his Bandogs and followers.

Mom. I love Mischief with all my heart; let u'm
alone, I had rather see 'um worry the people by half.
Heraclitus has so blooded them at the Protestant
Phanaticks that they will not fasten one another.

Com. What makes this Thief to Steal our Friend
Democritus his Title? the known Gelasinus? shew-
ing his Teeth, and grinning at the follies of all the
World? Heraclitus never laugh'd in all his Life,
but once, to see an Ass eat Thistles.

Mom. I'le tell you what the people say at the
Coffee-houses, for I haunt them continually as much
as you do Taverns.

Com. Prethee do.

Mom. They say that Heraclitus not long since
was weeping in a Garret over a dish of Coffee, till
he had like to have put out his eyes, when hearing
of the Dissolution of the Parliament, he fell into a
fit of laughter that has held ever since; And when
the next Parliament meets, they think he will be
weeping Heraclitus again. But the People are mis-
taken; this Heraclitus is not of the brood of the old
Philosopher, but of the Ridiculous Heraclitus who
used to carry dancing Apes about in Athens to make
the People Sport, who with his mimick Jestures,
wry Faces, Mumming and foolish toying, was ta-
ken for a great Baboon; This Heraclitus is one of
his natural Sons I assure you, and Ridens very pro-
perly belongs to him.

Com. I'm apt to believe you, for he has shewn
many pretty Tricks, he has plaid the Jack-Pudding
himself, and for pence a piece made his Monkies
Queries, Doubts, Scruples, turn round on their hind-
feet, and play with their Tails, scratch their Bums,
Chatter, and shew their Teeth, and grin at Dis-
senter's, with many other feats of activity; then hey
Jaunty, having delighted the Spectators with tum-
bling and playing the Somerset of 41, you shall pre-
sently see two Apes Jest and Earnest in Vizard
Masks and Canonical Jumps, playing Tricks on the
high Rope, hanging by the heels and toes, turning
round, singing Catches, with many other pretty feats
to divert the People.

Mom. A cunning Knave I warrant you; He gets
by his fooling, and whilst the People laugh at his
tricks, he picks their Pockets of Grievances, Com-
plaints, Addresses and Petitions. Would it not
make a weeping Philosopher smile, to see the Peo-
ple stand with great loads on their Backs ready to
sink them into the Eaath, to see Jack-pudding fling

his Custard in their Faces?

Com. He is a Wit that no body dares undertake,
he outdoes Tonzer, whom a company of whistling
Curs ran clean out of sight; But this Heraclitus
stands like a Bull in Smithfield, and with his two
Horns Jest and Earnest so layes about him, that not
a Dog dares fasten on him, *en passant* he tosses them
into the Air, and leaves them sprauling in the dirt.

Mom. A wit lay you? on my word a dangerous An-
imal, the most likely to do himself a Mischief: Let
him alone, give him Rope, and if he be a wit my life
on't he shortly Noofes himself: I am a perfect hater
of wit, it has done so much Mischief; 'tis excellent
poison and will quickly ruin a man, ask Tonzer else.

Com. But he tells the People his Design is great
and Generous, nothing less than the publick good,
to prevent mistakes and false News, and to give
them a true State of Affairs, to advance their un-
derstandings.

Mom. A cunning State Quack in a Fools Coat,
he playes with you till he cuts your Throat: A Je-
suitsical Mountebank that has Poysons to heal you,
and Plasters of Cantharides to cure you. The publick
good? to stir People to Rebellion after he has rob'd
them of Religion and Property? a State Tinker, that
pretends to mend one hole and makes twenty.

Com. Nay, he puts up Bills and writes in Capi-
tal Letters,

—Ridentem dicere verum,

Quis vetat?

Mom. Solomon does; He sayes Truth is not to be
spoken at all times; but I'le warrant for all his Bill
he speaks scarce one word of Truth, he laughs Iyes
as fast as a Dog trots.

Com. One thing I must say; he has wrought a
Miracle, he has reconciled Jest and Earnest, who
all their Lives have been at difference, and never
could endure one another, and he has so united them
that they are sworn Brothers, and never asunder,
and both chatter at poor Dissenter's in general, and
at Harris, Smith, Curtis and Carr in particular.

Mom. Brethren in Iniquity, agreed to mischief
I warn't that snarling Earnest has a dogged look,
sower Cur, a whelp of Cerberus, and loves dearl-
to tumble in the filthy Dunghil of 41. Grinnin
Jest, laughs at Plots, is tickled to see a Kingdon
in a Flame, Tehees at Religion, Mocks at Libert
and Property, and makes Mow's at bringing in a
Popery, and continuing Debauchery. 'Tis a pret-
ty Beagle, a Whelp of Proserpines Lap-Dog.

Com. With these Heraclitus hunts the Commo-
wealth Puss; runs down Reformation, Frigh
Grievances and Plots out of the Field: Nay, the
serve for all uses, and are very greedy Curs:
Sence and Reason, for they have devoured all th
was in the Kingdom, and have left nothing but
piece of Non-sence among all the Non-conformists.

Mom. This Heraclitus I perceive is grown Triumphant, the *Weekly Discoverer* has not sufficiently Discovered him: Let us try for our Friend *Democritus* his fake, to break a Staff with him; you shall deal with *Jest*, and let me alone with *Earnest* as sowre as he is.

Com. I have some *Puns*, *Dry-bobs* and *Whim-whams* to assist me, and some *Catches* and *Sing-songs* if need be.

Mom. And I will at him with some *Queries*, *Questions*, *Scruples* and *Doubts*, which have long lain by me; I'll try whether they will fasten, or at least turn *Whoop Mr. Vicar* out of his Course.

Com. But where shall we meet with this *Heraclitus*? or rather *Heteroclitus*, for according to the the Grammar Rule:

*Quae genus aut flexum variant quecumque novato,
Ritu deficiunt superant ve Heteroclitus sunto.*

I am sure he has often enough varied his Shape, like a *Proteus*, and is both defective in Truth, and Redundant in Lyes, and therefore may well be called *Heteroclitus Ridens*.

Mom. He is certainly to be met with every Tuesday, at the Ship in *St. Pauls* Church-yard, but now he is gone to Mr. *Poplers* Wedding, and not to be spoke with.

Com. Well remembred, Mr. *Momus*, I am to goe this Night to a Wedding Feast.

Mom. What to Mr. *Poplars*? you'll meet *Heraclitus* his *Jest* there.

Com. No I'll assure you to an othergat's Feast than that.

Mom. Why, who is Married?

Com. The Pope.

Mom. He gets too many Bastards to have a Wife.

Com. He has been long since privately Married I'll assure you, but he now keeps his Wedding Feast, which I know will be splendid, because Prince *Pluto* is Invited to it and many of his Princes, especially the seven deadly *Bashaw* sins, to keep his Holinesses *Cardinals* Company.

Mom. But to whom is this Prince Priest Married.

Com. To the Whore of *Babylon*.

Mom. I have heard much talk of the Gentlewoman, she is of Ancient standing, but I hope she is not past Children, there is like to be an hopeful Issue.

Com. She has had many Children, and is the Mother of all the Whores in *Christendom*, and hopes to bring so numerous a Brood, that his *Holiness* may have a Son to sit in every Throne in *Europe*.

Mom. Who were the Bride Men, and Maids?

Com. His *Holiness* had two old *Cardinals*, *Cardinal Pride* and *Cardinal Ambition*; and the *Lady Lust* and the *Lady Vain-glory* were Bride-maids.

Mom. Since 'tis his Design to promote his Sons, to Sit in every Throne in *Europe*, and all the World if he can; lest one should chance hereafter to Succeed in *England*, I had best get into his *Holiness*'s Favour, by presenting him with a few rare pieces I have at home, to hang in his Anti-chamber; they were drawn to the life, by *Heraclitus*'s own Picture-drawer, the best painter in all *Pluto*'s Court.

Com. What are they?

Mom. Imprimis. The Picture of *Pope Gregory the 7th*, stirring up *Rodolph Duke of Svevia* to Rebel against his Lord the Emperour *Henry the 4th*, with this Motto, *To advance the Papacy*.

Item. *Pope Pascal the 2d*, with the Emporor *Henry the 4th*, waiting barefoot at his Holinesses Gate.

Item. *Pope Joan or John the 8th*, in labour of her Bastard, in the midst of a Procession in *Rome*, crying, *Increase and Multiply*.

Item. *Alexander the 6th*, with his Nephew *Caesar Borgia* poysoning his Cardinals at a feast with this motto, *Causa Regnandi*.

Item. *King John of England* Poysoned at *Swin-stead Abby* by a Monk; with a Label, *Pia Fraus*, *Holy Fraud*.

Item. *Henry the third King of France*, Stab'd by a Fryer, whose Motto is, *To be a Saint*.

Item. *Henry the fourth* Stab'd by *Ravillac*, who has a Label out of his Mouth, with, *By the Jesuits Instigation*.

Item, 4 or 500 Martyrs lively Painted in *Queen Maries* dayes, with several Bishops and Priests standing about, with Labels out of their Mouths, in which is wrot, *AThorough Reformation*.

Item. *Elizabeth Barton*, or the *Holy Maid of Kent* learning of *Sham-Plots* from *Masters*, *Gold and Rich*, Popish Priests, with this Inscription, *True Romish Inspiration*.

Item. The lively Effigies of *Babington* and 13 other Conspirators, entring into a secret Oath of Combination, to take away the Life of *Queen Elizabeth*, with this Inscription, *Quorsum hec alio properantibus?* also at one Corner of the Table, all 14 hanging at *Tyburn*, with this Label; *The Jesuits ready Road to Heaven*.

Item. The King of *Spain's* Invincible *Armado*, with a great Company of Bald Pate Fryers and Priests upon the Deck with Knives, Skeans, Halters and Pistols in their hands, with Mottoes, *For to Propagate the Gospel*.

Item. The Parliament House, with King, Lords, Bishops and Commons Assembled, and *Guido Faux* with his dark Lanthorn, just going to lay a Match to a Train of Gunpowder in a Celler underneath, with this Motto; *Thus we Convert Hereticks, and when the Blow is given we will sham it on the Presbyterians*.

Item. A Consul of *Jesuits* at *Wild-house*, with *Coleman* in the midst, with this Inscription; *To set up a Popish Successor, and to Murther a Protestant King*. And at one end of the Picture 5 *Jesuits* and *Coleman* Hanging at *Tyburn*, with Labels out of their Mouths; *As Innocent as the Child unborn*.

Lastly. *Touzer* and *Heraclitus* looking several ways like another *Janus*, with Labels out of their Mouths, the first *Earnest*, the last *Jest*, meeting with True-lovers Knots over their Heads, which are tyed by *Mariana the Jesuit*, in which is written, *We are agreed in the main*, Money and Promotion.

Com. Send them to me and I will not fail to present them, and when we meet again, I will give you a full account of our Chear at the Wedding.

Till then, farewell.

Advertisements.

A T the Sign of the Ship in *St. Pauls* Church-yard, lives Doctor *Heraclitus Ridens*, who undertakes to Cure any one that is infected with the *Poyson of the Tarantula*, or the *Laughing Evil*, by his two Fidlers lately brought out of Italy, *Jest* and *Earnest*, who by making the Patient Dance a Romish Figg, till he is out of his Wits, either quite Cures him, or changes the Disease into a *Sardonick Ridens*.

C The Lives of all the good Popes since Boniface the third, neatly bound up and inclosed in a Nut-jhel. Price 4 Farthings.

D The Reader is desired to take notice that for the future this Paper will come out every Monday.

Democritus Ridens :

OR,

Comus and Alomus,

A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Mom. **W**hy Brother ! where the Devil have you been ?

Com. With the Devil, if you must know.

Mom. By your Colour you should have been in Hell, or sweeping Chimnies : you look very black i'th' face man. I thought you had been at the *Popes* Wedding.

Com. Yes, so I have.

Mom. And this is your Masquing Sute ? hah ! I think you are a Masquerader now indeed. But how ? But how ? had you fine sport ? say ? There could be no mirth without you.

Com. Mirth say you ? Nay—I never was at such a Wedding in my life : There was nothing but Massacres, Tragedies, Fighting, Hell and Damnation.

Mom. Tell me what Company you had, and what chear ?

Com. I'le tell you as well as I can : but truly I am almost frighted out of my seven Senses ?

Mom. Had you as good Company as was at Mr. *Poplars* Wedding ? Was Mrs. *Apparition*, *Judas*, *Achitophel*, and the like, there ?

Com. Mr. *Apparition* was there, I'le assure you. Have patience, and I'le tell you all. The *Pope*, because he would have a splendid Feast, had invited his best Friends, though he kept his Wedding privately. Prince *Pluto* was invited, who brought with him a great Retinue. First, The Bride sat down at the upper end of the Table, gorgeously clad, in a Scarlet Robe, painted, patch'd, frizled, and perfumed like her self. Next to her, on her right hand, sat the Old *Pope*, clad in his Robe of Infallibility, with a Stole of Supremacy upon his Shoulders, and his Tripple Crown upon his head. On her left hand sat Prince *Pluto*, with his long grizly Beard, cloathed with his Sable Mantle of Darknes. On each side the Cardinals sat down, and by them four *Cardinal* Vices, and the seven deadly *Bashaw* sins.

Mom. They were well match'd.

Com. O the Pope loves Order. Next sat the Chiefs of the Orders of the *Jesuits*, *Franciscans*, *Dominicans*, and the rest, with all the Mortal and Venial Sins intermixt, the attendants of Prince *Pluto*.

Mom. Were there no Lay-men there ?

Com. Yes, some corrupt Judges, at the lower end, with Spiritual Chancellors, and such like : And at another Table, sat some of the chief Abbesses, and of the youngest and fairest Nuns.

Mom. Had they no Grace ?

Com. Yes, two or three Archbishops Graces : I'le now tell you what Chear they had.

Mom. No doubt but the Feast was answerable to the Guests.

Com. Before Prince *Pluto* was set a large dish of fry'd Souls, butter'd well with Iniquity ; A dish his Highness loves well. The Bride, the Whore of *Babylon*, had a great Hodge-podge of Martyrs massacred, and stew'd in their own Blood, which went down with a gusto. Then there was for her in a dish, several dozens of Broyl'd *Protestants*. Before the Bridegroom was placed four or five heretical Kingdoms *Anathematiz'd*, garnish'd about with Plots, Conspiracies, Designs, and Policies, and such like Devices.

Mom. What had the Cardinals ? they love dainty bits.

Com. They had several dishes of plump cram'd Harlots : A dish of *Catamites* and *Ganymeds*, larded with Luxury and butter'd with Fornication. The Cardinal Vices and Seven deadly Sins eat lovingly with them.

Mom. O, they must be Kind to their Companions. What next ?

Com. Before the *Jesuits*, and the rest of the Chiefs of the Religious Orders, was placed an *Oglio* of English Abby and Church-Lands, dres'd with Expectation and Longing. Then there was a dish of Religion, with Sippets of Hypocrisie, spiced with Ignorance and Superstition.

Mom. What had they for the Lay-men ?

Com. There was a well roasted Pursivant Hog : And a Pottage of Widdows and Orphans Tears, mixed with *Aurum Potabile*, and the Ambergreece of Bribery and Extortion.

Mom. What had the Abbesses and Nuns ?

Com. They had a large dish of Abortives, boyl'd in Lust and Idleness.

Mom. Very good Chear : What drink had they ?

Com. Wine of all sorts. The Bride and Bridegroom drank out of a great standing Cup, full of the Flood of the Saints. Prince *Pluto* had several Flaggons of his own Stygian Liquor. The Cardinals drunk *Maffick*, and *Lachrime Christi* ; and several Bottles of flying Ambition-Ale were set by the *Jesuits*, and the rest of the Clergy. There wanted for no sort of Liquor.

Mom. Had you no Musick ?

Com. O yes, of all sorts : and among the rest the pied Piper, and the Blind Piper ; and *Pluto* had brought *Orpheus* with him, who gave them a Lesson on his Harp. But *Heraclitus* his Fidler had brought *Hodges* Bate Viol, which he offer'd to maintain, was as good as *Orpheus*'s Harp, for his Musick made wild and savage Beasts full of Humanity, but if they would hearken to *Hodges* Viol and *Heraclitus*'s Fidler, it would turn them into Beasts and Rebels : And that *Hodge* had so long listned to his own Musick, that it had chang'd him into the Dog *Towzer*. But *Pluto* would have no

Mom. And had you never a Song?

Com. Yes that we had too. *Heraclitus* his Ballad-maker composed one, and set it to the Tune of the *Blacksmith*; and *Pope Joan* having a delicate Voyce was sent for by *Pluto* to sing it.

Mom. Can't you remember it? What was the Subject?

Com. It was call'd, *The Spigot to Heraclitus's Tap*. I'll repeat some of it.

To every Tap a Spigot is made,
As all men know of the Turning Trade,
For with it the Drink is let out, or stay'd,
Which no body can deny.

The Jesuit is Rome's most trusty Bigot,
And sticks to the Pope, as to Tap the Spigot,
That every one Knows who e're eat a Pig hot,
Which, &c.

The Priests and the Fryers, who boast themselves Loyal,
To murther Kings have often made tryal,
The Dagger their Spiggot has let out the Blood Royal,
Which, &c.

The Jesuits a Pipe of strong Treason had got,
To broach it in England from all places did trot,
Oats pull'd out the Spiggot, and out ran the Plot,
Which, &c.

St. Coleman did rant it, and bravely did toss it,
For he had to broach it both Spiggot and Faucet,
Intending with Blood to make the Popes Posset,
Which, &c.

At Tyburn five Spiggots were hang'd up in season,
Since their Brewing was lost, it was but good Reason,
Then out at the Tap ran forth all their Treason,
Which no body can deny.

Mom. So much for the Spigot; was *Heraclitus* there?

Com. No, he sent his excuse, he was so busie in scribbling his *Ridens*, he could not come, but he sent his Servants, *Jest* and *Earnest* in masquing Cloaths, to make them Sport.

Mom. Prithee how were they drest? the Rogue *Heraclitus* is Ingenious.

Com. Why *Jest* had a Vizard on that made him look as like *Heraclitus* himself as one Egg is like another, but he had a very wolfish Mouth, that when he grinn'd, he shew'd such a pair of Dogs Teeth, made the Company believe he was in *Earnest*. He had on *Jack Adams*'s guarded Coat, which being slash'd, out of one of the flashes peer'd the end of a Canonical Surfingle, and below it (for it reach'd not to his Knees) hung down the Trail of a *Jesuit* Gown: He had with him a Company of Drolls, Buffoons, Mimicks and Apes, with which he made the Company Sport. They shew'd all the Tricks of *Legerdemane*; with an *hey presto* be gone, he would blow into an Egg-shell about 300000 dissenting Protestants; and by and by cloath a *Jesuit* Monk in the habit of a *Presbyterian* Parson, and make him dance a Jig to the Tune of 41.

Mom. What did *Earnest* all the while?

Com. He stood very gravely with the Trenchard of Expectation in his Hand, receiving the benevolent Scraps of the Guests: He had a two-fac'd Vizard on, one side look'd like Zealous Towzer, the other had the perfect resemblance of Bloody Bonner, which he hid as much as he could: He had waiting about him a Rascally Rabble of *Querries*, *Doubts* and *Scruples*, who now and then made

a noyse like the chattering of Monkies.

Mom. Well Brother Pleasant, what Desert had they?

Com. A very Stately Regalio I assure you. I can't remember half of it.

Mom. But what you can, let's know.

Com. There was a large Charger of dry'd Consciences, as light as Kickfies, of all Sorts and Sizes: Two or three Dishes of smoak'd lying Tongues, with the green leaves of the *Jesuits* Morals about them, and Garnished with Scurious Libels: Several Dishes of false Hearts, pickled in *Jesuitical* Principles, with the Vinegar of *Diabolical Maxims* for Sauce. There was Marmalade of Popes Promises, Candied with vain Hopes: False dying Oaths and Perjuries were trul'd about the Table instead of Sugerplums: There were several Sugar Cakes made of Nuns Chastity and Monks Honesty, and delicate Marchpane of Absolution and Indulgence, which went glib down, and several other Gim-cracks that I can't remember: But at last came in a large Silver Basin of Holy-water to Wash with, with Porringers of Exorcisms, Crysts, Execrations, extream Unction and Auricular Confession to rub their Teeth with, and to Cleanse their Mouths.

Mom. Was not the Devil afraid of Holy-water?

Com. No, he wan't much afraid of it, but he began to frown and scowl most filthily, and took it as a damn'd affront, but the Bride being by this got somewhat Tipsie, with drinking the Blood of the Saints, began to be frolicksome, and snatching the Tripple Crown from the old Popes head, she put it on her own: but all the Company could not choose but laugh to see wrot on the Popes bald Pate in great Characters, *THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY*.

Mom. How took he that?

Com. He was not well pleas'd, but had not time to consider; for below, the *Franciscans*, *Dominicans* and *Jesuits*, being got drunk with Ambition Ale, had begun a Brawl, and were going together by the Ears, when *Pluto* on a sudden call'd out for his Desert, and whistling more dreadfully than a storm in the shrowds of a Ship, the *Furies* presently came in with two huge Voyders call'd *Hill* and *Damnation*: Here, cryes *Pluto*, is all your Deserts, and presently pulling the Popes Stole of Supremacy, and his Gown of Infallibility over his Ears, left him as naked as *Aesops* Jay, with the other hand he dash'd the Triple Crown off the Brides head, and taking each by the Arm, swung them over his Shoulders, and ran away with them to fling them into the Voyders.

Mom. What became of the rest?

Com. Every one being full of Horror and Confusion, would have been shifting away, but every Infernal Guest layd hold of him who sat next him, and the four Cardinal Vices, and the seven deadly Sins, snatcht up their Brother Cardinals, and the Mortal Sins did as much for the Priests, *Jesuits*, Nuns, and Lay-men, and then there was a most horrible Noyse and Out-cry among them, that almost affrighted me out of my Wits?

Mom. What then became of *Jest* and *Earnest*?

Com. I can't tell, they look'd very scurvily, but I suppose they might escape this bout, they were drest so like Devils, and might get out in the Crowd. But as for my self, I got up the Chimny, and made my escape out of the Top of the Tunnel, with this bluch'd Face and Hands.

Mom. This was a terrible Wedding, worse than Mr. *Poplars*.

Com. I'm sure 'tis as true.

Mom. Well Brother *Comis* 'twas a good scape, 'tis dangerous to be in ill Company: Get some Sope and seowre your self; thou stink'st so of the Wedding, I can't endure thee: When we meet again, wee'l prattle of something else. *Farewell*.

Advertisement.

IF any Person has a desire to be taught the Art of Spelling and Reading Backward, or of understanding of any thing contrary to its true sense and meaning, or would be shewn the Cross Algebra of 41 and 81, let them repair to the Pedant *Heraclitus Ridens*, at the Ship in Pauls Church-yard, who there every Tuesday will give you full Instructions gratis, or for a very small matter.

Democritus Ridens :

OR,

Comus and Momus,

A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Com. **H**OW now *Momus*, what turn'd Porter?

Mom. Any thing for a quiet life these times: Better carry Buttons among Protestant Dissenters, than grind at the Mill like *Sampson*, with my eyes out among *Philistine Papists*.

Com. Prithee what hast got there?

Mom. A bundle of stollen Stuff.

Com. Art thou turn'd Thief these Tory Times? have a care good Brother, of going the *Jesuits* high way to Heaven.

Mom. What, to the Tripple Tree? there to get a Crown for Villany? and to be made a Martyr and a Saint for Treason? n'er fear, this is but petit Larceny and under the value of 12. d.

Com. Whence did you Steal it?

Mom. Out of the Warehouse of the Answerer of the *Character of a Popish Successor*. 'Tis a bundle of rash Nonsense, new water'd and pressed by *Nat. Thompson*, and vended for good Sence and Reason: *Fallere fallentem non est Frons*.

Com. Nonsense, say you? I thought there had been no Haberdashers of such small Wares among the Papists: I thought the Dissenting Protestants had got a Patent for telling Nonsense only.

Mom. You see Sir you are deceived; for I assure you that this Mr. Answerers Ware-house was full of it, and I only took a small Fardel or two that came next hand.

Com. What do you intend to do with it?

Mom. Fraught *Heaclitus* his Ship with it; he'll send it to *Rome* to be new dy'd, and then put it off for most excellent Papistical Sence and Reason.

Com. Prithee let's see some of it.

Mom. That you shall, and hear it too if you please, for it rattles like gum'd Taffaty; look here; first by the way of Nonsense.

That the People of *England* may sit down with their Hands in their Pockets, for that 'tis impossible either the Pope, the Devil, or any Successor, should bring in Popery. p. 2.

Com. O Sir, there is a woof offence in this stuff, the meaning is, because 'tis in a manner brought in already.

Mom. That's a Jest Sir— see another piece, hold it to the light, and see if there be e're a thred of Sence or Reason in it:

Item. The more Power a Popish Successor has, the less able he is to accomplish his Will.

3. Here is: A Popish Successor can never attempt to bring in Popery, though he has an Army, because he will be in fear of the People.

4. The personal excellencies of a Popish Successor, ought to be an Argument for his legal admission.

5. That it is so far from Sence, for any one to

believe or think that a Popish King in *England*, can be any advantage or do any kindness to the designs of *Jesuitical Instruments* for bringing in of Popery, that it is the greatest Reason in the World, to believe that he must of necessity be the greatest occasion of their Destruction.

6. That to keep out a Popish Successor is no less than *Lese Majestatis*, and down right Treason, yet it is in the power of every Subject in the three Kingdoms, to be a Defender of the Protestant Religion, if it want it.

7. That all Protestants may be assured a Popish Successor will infallibly be the Cause of the Destruction of the *Jesuits*, by this Maxim, *Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit*. p. 5.

8. That a Popish Successor can never bring in the Popish Religion, because his Coronation Oath obliges him to the contrary.

9. He that Writes against a Popish Successor, is *ipso facto*, either a disguised Priest, or a Papist in *Masquerade*. p. 7.

10. Because the late Popish Plot did not take effect, therefore no other in this Age can be effected. p. 8.

11. That a Popish Successor is the best defence in the World against Arbitrary Government, for if he would, he could not set it up, because of the watchful suspicion of the Protestants. p. 8.

12. That 'tis not in the Power of Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Judges, and other Officers, be they never so Corrupt, or be they of what Religion they will, to bring in Popery under a Popish Successor, because hopes of preferment or fear of punishment will deter them. p. 8.

13. A Popish Successor can never bring in Popery, because the Tyde runs against it, and therefore it will be Folly and Madnes for him to attempt it. p. 9.

14. That because Queen *Mary* could not bring in Popery, therefore no other Popish Successor can bring in Popery. p. 9.

Com. I must interrupt you; I thought *Q. Mary* had set up Popery.

Mom. The meaning of the Answerer is, as I suppose, she did not set it fast enough: She should have Burnt all the Protestants, and according to *St. Coleman's Principles*, not left any alive: But hear how good a Navigator he is.

15. That Beasts running on the contrary side of the Ship, when she leans to the Lee, or by the Larboard, sinks the Ship. p. 10.

Here are other Fardels, which I stole from several of *Heaclitus* his Merchants of Popish small Wares. As,

1. That to make the People of *England* of one mind, is to bring in Popery, and the way to make

all Disseaters conform to the Church of *England*, is to make them first Conform to the Church of *Rome*. That they being *Jews*, may first be *Christians* before they be *Musle-men*.

2. That the most prudent way, not to fear any Invasion from the King of *France*, is not to believe it.

3. That the true way of securing the Church of *England* against the *Presbyterians*, is to joyn with the *Papists* to bring in *Popery*.

4. That the best way to help the King to Money, is to advise him to Prorogue his Parliaments.

5. That the best way of searching into the late horrid Plot is to Jear the People out of the belief of it.

6. That to be a true Church of *England* man, is to rail against all but the *Papists*.

7. That 'tis the best way to maintain Reputation abroad, by going together by the Ears at home.

8. That to give Honour and Reputation to the Supream Council of the Nation, is to laugh at their Votes, and to term them factious.

Jest. So much for your Nonsense, good Mr. *Momus*; prithee, what Bag is that? is it stolen Wares too?

Mom. No, they are a few Nuts for *Heraclitus* to crack.

Jest. Out away, they are Queries.

Mom. Yes, Query Nuts, such as *Heraclitus* his Squirrils, *Jest* and *Earneſt*, are weekly cracking in the ears of the People.

Jest. Let's have an handfull of them; I'll play at Cob-Query with them.

Mom. Whether *Heraclitus* his Fools Coat be long enough to hide his Knaves Jump?

2. Whether the Answerer of the *Character of the Popish Successor* was not mistaken, pag. 12. where he says, that *Dagons* Hands being broken off, he could have no Power to hurt the *Israelites*; When he should have said, according to the Scripture, that his Head being off as well as his Hands, he could not then hurt the *Israelites*?

3. Whether *Dagon* could not have found hands to have hurt the *Israelites*, if his Head had been still remaining?

4. Whether all Laws to tye the hands of a Popish Successor, will not prove like *Sampson's* Cords, if ever he get into the Throne?

5. Whether the best way to establish the Church of *England*, (according to the *Maxims* of the Answerer of the *Character of a Popish Successor*) be not to set up a Popish Successor?

6. Whether the maintaining and preserving of Property, was not the first and main end of Government?

7. Whether the Grievances of the People do not sound louder than the Checkling Laughter of Mr. *Jest*, or the Tooting horn of Mr. *Tantivie*?

8. Whether according to the Opinion of *Heraclitus*, it be not a certain mark of a Rebel and a Traytor of 41. to Complain of Grievances in 81. or ever hereafter.

9. Whether *Heraclitus* does not mistake himself, who Numb. 2. says, that those who Murthered the late King, never repented them of it (meaning the *Presbyterians*) and yet Numb. 8. he owns Mr. *Love* was Beheaded, for endeavouring with the *Presbyterians* the bringing in of his Majesty? and whether the endeavouring to restore his Majesty to his right, shew'd not that they were the true Friends of the Son; and a sign of their not approving the Murther of the Father?

10. Whether a man may be properly said to Repent of doing that he never did Commit, nor ever did approve of?

11. Whether the evil Actions of a few Rebels, ought in Justice to be imputed to the whole Body of the *Presbyterians*? and whether a third part of the Nation should therefore be branded by *Heraclitus's* *Jest* and *Touzers* *Earneſt*, with the odious Names of 41. Top and Top-Gallant Villains and Rebels?

12. Whether his Majesty has not had twenty years experience of the Loyalty and peaceable temper of the Dissenters from the Church of *England*? and whether *Heraclitus* and others do not endeavour all they can to render them otherwise?

13. Whether a Worm that is trod on, by the Law of Nature, may not signify by strugling its Oppression, without being call'd Rebel and Traytor?

14. Whether a Water-man, who looks one way and rows another, be not a true Emblem of a right *Tantivie*, who preaches one thing and Acts quite contrary?

15. Whether *B. Took* be Flesh, Fish, or good red Herring?

Com. These will serve me to play at Push-quary with *Heraclitus*:

Heraclitus: But look you, to requite your Kindness, here is a Copy of Verses for you; and as Mr. *Jest* says, they have made me go all of one side with the weight of 'um.

Mom. I have known the Rogue go so this eight weeks, he is made as crooked as a *Lesbian Squire*, and has a bunch of Iniquity at his Back, as big as a *Camels*. What are they? I love the *Muses* mighty— This is *Mournful Melopomine*.

Com. No Sir: 'Tis an Ode: *Heraclitus's* last *Pindarique* transvers'd. Here read it your self, for I am at this time in haste.

Mom. Reads. *The Prospect, a Pindarique Ode.*

Ab stubborn Ifie,
So late from Popish Plottings freed,
(Old Antichrist's most precious Meed)
Can't thou the havock, and the Spoyle
Rome did intend, so soon forget,
So lately scap'd out of their Net,
Who would have brought a fiery Law,
And fry'd your Flesh and Bones with Straw?
Those cunning Cheats, and State Magicians,
Rome's Religious Politicians,
VVho subtilly can blind your sight,
And make you call bright Day, black Night,
VVith their black Serpent VVand of Superstition.
O had they power to their will,
They'd shew their skill;
In vain should the amazed Torong
Seek to avoyd their Power,
Or fly before that they were stung;
These Serpents we should see e're long,
Moses and Aaron, King and Church devoure.

Then every River, and every Flood,
Would soon be turn'd to Blood,
The croaking Frogs of horrid Fears
Should sound our Dangers in our ezs;
Then swarms of Lice, and gilded Flyes,
With superstitious Sorceries;
Monks, Fryars, Priests, and Nuns, would then come in,
And turn Religion into sin:
A grievous Murrain then would follow next,
And th'row the Nation fly,
Both great and small should dye,
With Boyls and Blains the State perplext
Should be, with Lordly Prelates vext;
Who would Rub the Kingdoms Soar,
Till all its Body Politick were bid in goar.

A dreadful Train
Of Curses, should upon us rain
With many a Charm and cursed Spell,
Sending Dissenters strait to Hell;
And true Religion would be slain,
And Albion look like Sodom's burning Plain.
This would be done,
If Rome should mount the English Throne,
And with her Arts prevail,
We should devoured be by Head and Tail;
VVhole swarms of Locusts would bear sway,
VVhose Clouds would darken all the Light of Day,
The Peoples poor remains they'd eat away.
But oh! the plague of plagues, these Traitors first,
In Treason Nurſt,
These damn'd destroying Devils, first must wound,
Our Royal Head, and lay it on the ground:
Not long since this they did attempt to doe,
And still the same with bloody Minds pursue.
Look back ye treacherous Jesuites, say,
Remember Forty eight, and Forty one,
Look back, whilst Rome ascends the Throne,
And seizing on the crowned Prey,
The Royal Victim, and another Martyr slay.

Advertisements.
*If any one be desirous to be furnish'd with a pair of *Tantivie* Spectacles, fitted for *Popish* Noses and Eyes, for all Ages and Sexes, which render Old things New, small things Great, Men Monsters, Loyalty Rebellion, the People Monkies, Truth Error, and Religion a May-Game, let them repair to Mr. *Jest* and *Earneſt*, Spectacle-makers, and they may be fitted very cheap.*

*If any one has a desire to be furnished with Invented Letters, lying Stories, false Addresses, or Rhetorical Libels, let them repair to Secretary *Thompson* at the Popes Cross-Keys, who makes profession of writing Presidents, and he will give them ample satisfaction.*

Democritus Ridens :

OR,

Comus and Momus,

A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, April 11. 1681.

Mom. **W**HAT have you there?
Com. What have I here?
why, 'tis the Devil upon
Dun: *Heraclitus Ridens*,
Numb. 9. read it, and then see what I have got—
what say you now? if you don't bestride the neck
of the young Elephant, *Heraclitus's* Mouse will de-
vour him presently.

Mom. Ha! ha! he!

Parturient Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.
The Mountain travell'd, and brought forth a Mouse.

What, has *Heraclitus* his great Frigat, call'd the
Mystery of Iniquity, with the Popes Cross Keys
i'th Stern, the Church of Englands Lanthorn, and
the wind of Law and good Fortune in the Poop,
firing with a thundring noyse *Towzers* great
Guns, and fraught with *Jest* and *Earnest*, at last
discharg'd it self of a little peeping creeping Mouse?
a very fine *Cargo*.

Com. But Mr. *Momus* look you, the Miracle of
the Mouse is behind: 'Tis no ordinary Mouse I as-
sure you; 'tis a Mouse that will bait your young
Elephant, nay, and make him run into a Mouse-
hole or a Mouse-Trap.

Mom. Good Mr. Mouse (I suppose him of the
Malciline gender, because of his Valour to encounter
an Elephant) have you left the hold of your Ship,
to nibble at *Protestant* Cheese? have a care the Ele-
phant with his *Proboscis* don't meet with you.

Com. Pray leave your hard words, least Mr. *Jest*
breaks your Head with his *Batrachomyomachical*,
ty'd to the Tail of his Quibble.

Mom. Well then, in Protestant *English*, let Mr.
Mouse have a care, the young Elephant with his
Snout don't make him run into an Auger-hole (the
more likely of the two) till Mrs. Puff pulls him
out by the Tail.

Com. I'd fain see this Duel between the Mouse
and the Elephant; for 'tis a Maxim of *Heraclitism*,
that if it be a dissenting Elephant, he ought to be
Baited more than a Pagan or a Popish Elephant.

Mom. Why here's the Battel between *Rowland*
Mouse and *Oliver Elephant*, about a choakie, Hedge-
hog, Porcupine Pear, a Prickly Query; *Whether*
the setting up of a Popish Successor be the true way of
establishing the Church of England.

Com. And what fayes the Mouse to that Pear?

Mom. He dares not so much as smell to it; he
lets the prickly Choak pear alone, and assaults the
Elephant with a most desperate *Question*; *The Es-*
tablishment of the Church of England, is it of Heaven, or
of Men?

Com. Then for ought as I see, the Protestant
Cheese and the prickly choak Pear are whole still.
But Sir, what fay you to this desperate *Question*,
that gapes like a Crabs Claw: O' my word there's
a *Dilemma* for you, will catch you by the fingers
if you meddle with it.

Mom. Nay, the Mouse now Challenges the Ele-

phant, and cryes, *Let him Answer that if he can, or*
dare; a bold Defiance.

Com. Now Elephant look to your self, upon my
word the Mouse gapes, as if he would devour you:
Look you how desperately his two Jaws are Arm-
ed with *Ifs*: *If he says of men*, he must be a Papist
or an Atheist: *If he says of God*, as he must, if he
be not one or both of the aforesaid Elephants; then
the Elephant is laid on his Back, and Mr. Mouse
has gained his point, which is, *That 'tis so estab-*
lished upon such a Foundation, as neither Popish, Pagan,
Mahometan, nor Common-Wealth Successor, nor Hell,
nor Rome, can prevail against it. I think now Mr.
Mouse has tickled it, and proved the Assertion,
That a Popish Successor will be a means to Establish the
Church of England, because she is on so sure a Foun-
dation, that he can never hurt her.

Mom. This is Riddle me Riddle me what's this?
but if this be so, why need the Moute fight with
the Elephant for fear he should pull down the
Church of *England*? and why does Mr. *Heraclitus*
keep such an horrid railing against Dissenters, as if
they meant to root out, undermine, and overthrow
the Church of *England*, if she be built upon so sure a
Foundation? and why are ali *Towzers* Guns so often
Fired to defend this firm Building? and why does
Mr. *Earnest* say in the next Paragraph, that the
Anabaptists fix a Calumny on the Church, that they
may have a Pretence to Ruine her and pull her
down?

Com. The Elephant must come to a more close
Fight with this desperate gaping Mouse, I see that.

Mom. I'le put a Gagg in the Mouses Mouth, he
shall never be able to shut his Jaws again.

Com. Good Mr. *Reprehension*, have a care of his
Ifs.

Mom. Nay, he dares me to it, and I can't forbear.

Com. Now let's hear the Elephant Roar, and
drown the squeaking of the Braggadocio Mouse.

Mom. In the Elephants Language he says thus:
That so far as the Church of *England* is a part of the
Universal, Catholick, Christian Church, Founded
by Christ its Head, visibly in his *Apostles* who Pro-
pagated this Church, by their Preaching and Suffer-
ings, through most Parts of the World; so far I
say 'tis *Jure Divino*, and neither Hell nor *Rome*,
Pagan, nor Dissenter, nor *Mahometan*, nor Popish
Successor, can prevail against her. But now for
his t'other *If*: I say, that as far as the Church of *Eng-*
land, as a particular Church, or a National Church,
is joyned to humane Constitutions, Consistories,
Courts, Government, Incomes and Dependances, as it is by
Law Established, with many Rites and *Ceremonies* adhering
to her, though never so Comely and Decent; so far I say, she
is *jure humano*, that is of Man, for all Mr. Mouses Squeaking;
and so may easily be prevail'd against, either by Atheism, De-
vilism or Popery. So that the Church of *Eng*land, as she is
part of the true Catholick Church, or *Quatenus* a Christian
and an Apostolick Church, can never be prevail'd against; but
the Church of *England*, *Quatenus* the Church of *England*
or a National Church, may be prevail'd against, and it may

become again a Popish Church of *England*, by Law Established, as it had been for several hundreds of years.

Com. What made the Mouse make all that noyse then?

Mom. As Mr. *Earnest* says, I'll tell you honestly and plainly, for it is not a time to be mealy Mouth'd, nor Canker'd Mouth'd. Here are a Company of *Tantivies*, that are continually Tooting Arbitrary Government in the Ears of the People, and a sort of Scribblers that with Wicked and Seditionous Libels and Scurrilous Defamatory Pamphlets, would set the People together by the Ears, and by that means (whether Intentionally or blindly I know not) bring in Popery, with their Popish Successor, out of meer Malice to the Protestant Dissenters, who for ought that I can see, are much more carefull of the Church of *England* than themselves, for all they desire, and all they have done, and for which all these Clamours are made, is only Petitioning, Praying, and humbly Requesting the King, that he with his Parliament would be pleased to find out a Way or expedient to secure the Church of *England*, as now by Law Established, against the inundation of Popery, which in all humane Reason, is like to flow in upon the Church of *England*, and all other Protestant Churches in *England*, by the coming of a Popish Successor to the Crown.

Com. Have a care; are there any more Protestant Churches in *England* than one?

Mom. There is but one Protestant Church of *England*, by Law Establish'd, but there are more Protestant Churches in *England*, as well as there be in *France*, *Germany*, *Sweden*, nay, *Geneva* it self, all which I say, as far as they agree with the Doctrine of Christ and his Apostles, and with the Institutions of the Primitive Establishers of the *Christian* Church, so far they are Catholick, and a part of the universal Church and *Jure Divino*; but so far as they Deviate from the Rule of Christ and his Apostles, and in their particular National Institutions and Laws, so far they are also *jure humano* or of man. Now the Church of *England*, was once a Popish and an Idolatrous Church, by Law Established, till in the time of King *Edward* the sixth she became the Reformed Church of *England*, and so established by Law, but in the Days of Queen *Mary*, she became again the Popish Church of *England*, and so the Pope and the Devil prevail'd o're her, but in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, she became again the Reformed Protestant Church of *England*, by Law then, and by several humane Laws since Established, and has so continued (except some small time of her *Interregnum*) ever since, and that she may still so continue and be secured against Popery, as well as all other Protestant Churches, is the desire of all the honest and true hearted Protestants of *England*, who are in fear, that notwithstanding her impregnable Foundation, she is in very great danger of being overthrown by Popery, and that since her Adversaries once got the better of her, they may still be in a Condition to do it again, and have more than ordinary hopes to effect it at this time.

Com. But Mr. *Momus*, pray tye up your Elephant, from meddling with State Affairs, for I perceive Mr. *Earnest* is grown desperate angry, and threatens not a little what will become of your Animal, when a Popish Successor comes to the Crown.

Mom. I do perceive what a Bloody *Bonner* he would be, had he Power to his Will, and what an Arbitrary Tyrant he would set up and if he could; but I see no reason but *Democritus*'s Elephant may meddle with State Affairs (as he ca's them) as well as *Heraclitus*'s Mouse, who has been gnawing this 10 Weeks at little State politick Queries, and is as busie with the Succession as any Vermine of them all.

Com. But 'tis the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, to teach Obedience to Kings and Governors, and leaves the Doctrine of Murthering and Depositing Kings to *Geneva Christians*: For the Church of *England* had rather Suffer Persecution under Tyrants than do an unlawful Act, and cares not, and is no more concerned for the Succession of a *Decius*, a *Maximinus*, or a *Titus*, so as to endeavour to alter it by the least unlawfull Act, though it carries the Prospect of the greatest future good.

Mom. What a terrible Squeak is there? and I also think that 'tis the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, (I'm sure it is that of Christ) not to revile the Innocent, nor to fix Calumnies and Reproaches on her Country-men, nor to bespatter with odious Terms those who desire to live peaceably and in quiet, nor to Tax Dissenters for Conscience sake, with holding impious Doctrines, and Committing Villanies unthought of: But here lies the Viper, that shews more Malice than Wit and Reason: If a man speaks against a few Tooting *Tantivies*, or Violent Arbitrary Trumpeters; Mr. *Earnest* cryes out, he speaks against the Church of *England*, and if any desire to secure their Religion, Lives and Properties, in a lawful way, by King and Parliament, these are said to be subverters of Kings and Government; Murtherers, Rebels, and what not: How little fence has this Animal, to take all that is said against him, to be said against the Church, and all that is said against Tomzer to be against the King, Law and Government: 'Tis such Vermine as are a Disgrace and Scandal both to Church and State. But the Church of *England* cares not for the Succession, whether it be a *Decius*, a *Maximinus*, or a *Titus*: I don't see much difference between these, the two first being persecuting Tyrants; the last a good natur'd Heathen, yet all Idolaters; nor are we much con-

cern'd, whether he be a Bigoted, or a Jesuit, or a moderate good natur'd Papist, that succeeds, for all will be Idolaters, and have power to do Mischief. And again, though the Church of *England*, would not Murther her King though a *Papist* no more than the ancient Christians would pull down or Murther their Lawful Prince, because he was an Heathen, yet no doubt the ancient Christians, would rather have had a *Constantine*, than a *Decius*, or a *Titus* either; and I do not at all question, but that they also after a quiet and Peaceable Succession of *Christian* Emperors, after *Constantine*, had they known any Successor to have been a professed *Pagan*, and that he probab'y would bring in Idolatry again, and overthrow the *Christian* Worship, would have endeavoured to have set up a *Christian* Emperour, especially if they might have legally done it, by the consent of the Statutes of the Land. And what more have all the Loyal and true Protestants of *England*, both of the Church of *England* and those called Dissenters, done, that this Inveterate *Heraclitus*, Villifies them so reproachfully? For tho the Spiritual Foundation of the Church of *England* be founded on a Rock, that cannot be shaken, yet I doubt its temporal Foundation, which is onely what the Laws of the Land give it, will prove to be built on sliding Sand, when ever a *Popish* Successor comes to the Crown.

Com. Have you done? you have almost Preach'd me asleep: I don't like doing Battel in *Earnest*; pray take off your Elephant, for the Mouse is run behind a few choak-Pear Queries that are dangerous to meddle with, for I doubt they have been preserv'd by Madam *Brenvilliers*, or the Dutchess of *Mazareens* Sister to poysen your Elephant; and now the cunning Mouse is decoying him to smell to 'um.

Mom. 'Tis no matter; though my Elephant can't illustrate them, he will presently Knock them down with his Trunk; and in the place of them, hang up these *Queries*, without any danger of the Choak-pears tree.

1. Whether Mr. *Earnest*'s first *Query*, be not a reflection upon the late Honourable House of Commons, assembled at *Westminster*? and upon the later House of Commons, assembled at *Oxford*? and whether they are not guilty of *Scandalum magnatum*, for presenting a Bill against the D. of *T.*'s succession? and whether a fourth part of five of the Protestants of *England*; being of the same mind, have not (by his Law) endanger'd their Ears, their Liberties, and their All?

2. Whether the Bishops Voting for the succession of the Duke, does not take off from the Protestants, Charge of Malice, in saying they Voted for a Popish Successor, Except the Duke be a Protestant?

3. Whether the Popish Bishops in *France*, were not more Zealous for their Religion, in denying the succession of the King of *Navarre* to the Crown of *France*, whose right it was, because he was an *Hugonite*, and till he had Changed his Religion; or our Protestant Bishops, who will admit of a Popish Successor, rather than Vote to put him from his hereditary Right?

4. Whether, if all dissenters from *Popery*, and *Tantivies*, were treated according to the wishes and desires of *Heraclitus*, they should not be used as they were in Queen *Maries* daies, or worse?

5. Whether *Heraclitus*'s Mouse has not found a Mite in the Protestant Cheese, which he takes for the Elephant running down the Church of *England*: and whether this Popish Mouse has not hit upon the Old *Jesuitical* scent which sinells so strong in his third *Query*.

6. Whether *Heraclitus*'s Logick, be not fitted to the wit of his Mouse, who argues *Query* the fourth, that because the late House of Commons, made no *proviso* against Praying for the D. of *T.* therefore they were for securing to him the succession.

7. Whether there are not private actions of slander, to be had against the Chief Knight of the Grey-goose quill? and whether little ones, as well as great ones, cannot find a Remedy by the Laws of *England*.

Com. I see you are grown as spiteful as *Heraclitus*, and as serious as Mr. *Earnest*: I'll put two queries of my own.

1. Whether *Democritus*'s Elephant has not more Religion in him than *Heraclitus*'s Mouse, for the one Worship the Moon, a Creature of Gods making, the latter a Moldy Cheese, a Creature of mans making.

2. Whether the Elephant be driven yet into the Mouse-Hole, or whether the Mouse be run into the Auger-Hole? for I see they are both Vanish'd.

Mom. And 'tis time for us to go too.

Com. Let us do e'en as the Parson does, after he has preach'd himself a stomach, go home to Dinner.

Advertisments.

These are to give notice, that this present Monday, being the 11. of this Instant April, is a prize to be plaid, between a *Papistical* Mouse, and a Protestant Elephant; who soever are desirous to see the same, for pence a piece, may receive full satisfaction, and be Judges, who has the better of it, the Mouse or the Elephant. The prize is an English Protestant Cheese.

These are to give notice, to the Greshamites, that the most ingenious Virtuoso, and Ship-Carpenter, Mr. *Heraclitus Ridens*, is about making of an Elephant Trap, that shall Catch all sorts of Protestant Elephants, of what sort or size soever, and this he promises he will performe, as soon as ever he can Compasse a Tool which he wants, called a Popish Successor, without which, he believes he shall never be able to perform his project.

Democritus Ridens :

OR,

Comus and Momus,

A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, April 18. 1681.

Comus Reading.

From a Priest that is riding the high Road to Hell,
From a Physician that swears a sick Head is well,
From an Intelligencer who Lyes still doth tell,
Libera nos Domine.

From one who in Jest would put out our Eyes, (Wise,
From a Knave who turns Fool; from a Fool who turns
And from an old Jesuit in a Church-mans disguise,
Libera, &c.

From one who in Earnest would knock out our Brains,
From a Wit who of honesty has not two grains, (blains,
From a Quack who gives Poyson to cure our Child-
Libera, &c.

From one who 'twixt Earnest and Jest cuts our Throats,
From a Rascal that laughs at our Parliaments Votes,
From a Dog that mistakes the Sheep for the Goats,
Libera, &c.

From a State-Jugler who deceives the People,
From a Villain who halts and yet is no Cripple, (steeple,
From a Throat that can shadow both Mals and Pauls-
Libera nos Domine.

Mom. What reading of Ballads?

Com. No, Mr. Momus, I am at at at my Prayers; look you, 'tis Common-Prayer too.

Mom. Nay, a Letanie, then there's some hopes of you, we shall unite and all will do well: But give you Joy— give you Joy, Mr. Comus.

Com. A little Joy these sorrowful times would do well; but what do you give me joy of?

Mom. Of your Place; I hear you are become the Popes Chimny-sweeper.

Com. I'd rather be the Kings Chimny-sweeper, for then I might chance to finger some Hearth-Money.

Mom. The Court Chimneys are all clean, new Swept with an Oxford Broom, they han't left so much Soot in 'um as will black your Face for a Vizard: But the London Common-Wealth Chimneys stink so rank of Soot, they offend the tender Noses of the other end of the Town, you may chance to get good employment there.

Com. I learnt the Romish way of cleansing Protestant Chimnies; 'twill make 'um as white as a Bakers Oven.

Mom. Which way is that?

Com. Set the Houles on Fire, and I'le warrant you 'twill cleanse the Chimnies inside and outside, Experientia docet: A sure Receipt with a probatum est, for cleansing Protestant Chimnies.

Mom. But what's become of Jest and Earnest?

Com. They have been hard at work this last week, helping the Ship Carpenter to build a Barge, a new Barge for the News-mongers, but I hear they don't like the Model, for they have order'd one to be true English built, snugg and fit for Service, her Stern is to be painted with Naked Truth, her Head to be adorned with Law, Liberty and Property: She is to be well tallowed with Loyalty, that she may glide through the troubled waters; She is to carry Protestant Colours, and all her Watermen are taught to row as they do in Gondiloes, looking towards the place of their landing, and one Mr. Tell-truth as I hear is to be Master of her.

Mom. This will put down Heraclitus's Frigat.

Com. He has turn'd his Frigat into a Dogger-Boat, seeing there is no fighting, and she serves now to fetch him Oyster-Queries, she brought him whole Bushels this last week, that gape strangely against a full Tyde.

Com. Nay, I thought he fetch'd his Queries from Rome, now 'tis plain, or else from France, and that's as bad, for they are all prohibited goods, and deserve to be burnt: He'll turn Pirate shortly, and then he may be met with. But what make the Tantivies hold up their Noses so? they are very jocund of late, and sing Catches as merrily as Crickets.

Com. Oh! 'Tis for joy the Oxford Parliamen- was no longer liv'd, they were as afraid of 't as of the Peoples Voyce, which Mr. Jest Swears makes a foul a Cry as Cerberus: but 'tis no matter, though the Proverb says, 'tis the Voyce of God, he'll tell you 'tis that of the Devil, and had as lieve hear it.

Mom. That is, because it had like to have brok the Drum of his Ear once, and he could never hear true sound since, for if truth speaks never so plain, he cryes out, 'tis the barking of the Popes Lap-dog, or some strange Monster with eight-score heads.

Com. Truth, name her not, she's as hateful to the Tantivies and Masqueraders as the Lady Arbitr ary to the Phanaticks.

Mom. Oh! that Lady Arbitr ary that would have been; she's dead they say, quite defunct, as dead as a Herring, and without hopes of a Resu- rection.

Com. Do you mean the Mahumetan Lady, or the Turkish Arbitr ary, or the French Madam Arbitr ary or Donna Romana the Spiritual Lady Arbitr ary they are all alive to my knowledge, and alive like to be, and the two latter have a great mind to transpla- themselves into our Contrey.

Mom. No, they say it is an English Arbitr ary.

Com. Then they are mistaken, for there has been no such Lady Arbitr ary in England ever since she was turn'd out bag and Baggage by Queen Elizabeth, the smell of the air of England is very offensive to

her Ladiships Nose. But I doubt they mistook, twas my Lady Plot that dy'd lately, and they say for want of letting Blood and good ordering. I read her Epitaph at Richard's Coffee-house :

Here lies Lady Plot,
Though dead, not forgot;
Now sleep may the Lords in the Tower,
The Nation's made sure,
All's safe and secure,
As Rosamond was in her Bower.

Mom. Then I perceive Mr. Fest does not hear well if it be so; but he is very good at mistaking of Names, *Dissenters* and *Presbyterians* are usually called by him *Rebels* and *Traytors*.

Com. Aie, that's true, but since he has put on the *Tantivie Spectacles*, he takes the People of *England* to be all Snails: He's angry with them because they will not creep out of the way of Loyalty, but stay in their Houses of Property. He finds they won't be hooted out of their pace, who can please him? he's like an old womans Breech, he will, and he won't. If they put forth their Horns, he cryes they are pushing at the Government, if they pull in their Horns and keep snug within their Shells, they then are hatching of Mischief, holding their Tongues and inventing of lies.

Mom. Alas! poor Snails, but I find he is for picking 'um up for a chymical receipt, to Cure the Distempers of the Nation, an *Elixir* drawn out of the Retort of his Noddle, sublim'd by the Fire of persecuting *Popish* zeal, might this project go forward, and Mr. Fest could but get a Patent for the picking up of *Protestant* Snails, no doubt he'd grow a rich man, and the Commodity would grow scarce.

Com. That's like a Poetical Baboon, and Brother of his, who advises the King to Banish all *Papists* and *Presbyterians* out of the Kingdom.

Mom. 'Tis well he will let them have so good Company; I would have all the *Knaves* and the *Fools* banish'd with 'um, and then here would be room enough.

Com. Have a care least you be sent with 'um to *Plato's* Common-wealth upon *Smith's Elephant*.

Mom. Ben. Took's Ship is much more proper for such a Voyage, or the new made Dogger Boat. But what makes the Loyal Lying Secretary meddle with St. Francis?

Com. He is so us'd among the Saints, he takes very Mortal to be a Divine: But this St. Francis was he who Instituted the Order of Begging ryars, the only Order he desires should be kept out of *England*; for being by his many Tricks rought against his Will, almost to become one of the Order, his melancholly whim makes him all every *Frank* St. Francis; for he fears if he lays down his profitable Trade of Lying, he must be forced to own the Beggar St. Francis for his atron.

Mom. Well we'll Ship him off i'th' Dogger-oat, he will be a fit fellow to fish for *Querries*.

Com. Now you talk of *Querries*, have you one left.

Mom. Yes, yes, here are a few, which may serve for Vineger and Pepper to Fest's Oysters.

1. Whether it is possible for a *Popish* Successor to defend the *Protestant* Religion, when it can never be maintained and secured, but by the suppression of his own Religion.

2. Whether the *Protestant Reformed Churches* in *France*, *Germany*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, among the *Switzers*, at *Geneva*, or the *Presbyterian* and *Independant Churches* in *England*, be of Man or of God?

If he says of Man, then

3. *Querry*, Whether He is not a *Papist* in holding that known *Papistical* Tenent, that there is no other Christian Catholick Church but that of *Rome*? and that all men that are not of the *Romish* Church are Schismaticks and Hereticks, and so consequently damn'd; and whether it be not the same thing to say as much by any particular National Church in *Christendom*? If he says they are of God,

4. *Querry*, Whether it be according to the Doctrine and practice of *Christ* and his *Apostles*, and of the Primitive Churches, to Persecute others for Conscience sake, and to give them reproachfull and odious Terms and Names? And whether the Church at *Jerusalem* Persecuted or reviled any of the Churches in *Asia*, though that of *Laodicea* is said to be a Luke-warm Church, or any other then founded in several parts, by the preaching of the Gospel?

5. Whether the Church of *England* being a Reformed Church, and the People thereof, (as Mr. L. S. says) Reformed Papists, if she should be a little more Reformed from the Papistical *Hierarchy*, she would not be less offensive, if by Law Established?

6. Whether the King of *England* be not the Head of the visible Church of *England*? and whether then if a *Popish* Successor obtain the Crown, he will not likewise be the Head of the Church of *England*? If Mr. *Earnest* or *Fest* says no,

7. *Querry*, Whether the Church of *England* will not be a Monster to have a visible Body without a visible Head? If they say Yes, he will be the Head of the Church; then

8. *Querry*, Whether the Church of *England* will not seem as Monstrous and Strange, to have a Papistical Head joyned to a Protestant Body, as it would be to see the Body of a Sheep have the Head of a Woolf? These are recommended to Mr. *Fest* and Mr. *Earnest* to consider of, and to Answer them *Categorically*, neither to Fumble, Mumble, nor Equivocate.

Advertisements.

TAken up by N. T. between Billingsgate and Puddle-Dock a parcel of filthy, scurrilous, and nasty *Language*, found in a canker'd Heart Purse, stitch'd with Roman Silk, and put into his Loyal Intelligence, Numb. 9. which if any Oyster Woman, Fish cryer, Cinder carrier, or Kennel raker will own, they may have it again for a penny.

THE Art of Malice, together with the Mystery of Iniquity, stitch'd with Rancour. Price 10 d.

THE Shettle-cock of Wit, well banded between a Romish and an Episcopal Battledore, Dialogue-Wise, stitch'd with Jesuitical Cunning, the outside marbl'd with Tantivism, Price next week near Hangmans Wages, both Sold by B. T. at the Sign of Herrclitus's Dogger-boat.

DEMOCRITVS RIDENVS:

O R,

Comus and Momus.

A New *Fest* and *Earnest* Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, May 8. 1681.

Momus.

W Here ha' you been, Brother *Comus* ?

Comus. Hearing the Cuckow sing this *April* ; he's still i' th' same note.

Mom. He's no Changling then.

Com. No more is *Madg Howlet*, she hollows like a Man, but 'tis still but a silly Owl.

Mom. Have a care how you jeer the Kings Liege People ; *Ho*— will have you by the back.

Com. By the Mass (an Oath coming in fashion) methinks 'tis not fair play to let loose the Wolf-dog *Towzer*, the Dancing Bear *Heraclitus*, and the Yelping Cur *Trinculo*, at one poor young *Elephant*, and not permit him to defend himself ; 'tis as barbarously done as *Alexander*, when he put *Lysimachus* naked amongst the Lions. The Printers are warn'd not to Print *Democritus*.

Mom. Pray be not so passionate ; who does all this ? you talk as if it were done *cum privilegio*, when it was onely a grunting *Ho*— that ran through the Corn, and made the silly Fellow afraid it had been a great Beast of the Game.

Com. And must *Heraclitus* then once a week bring forth its Cub ? and the *Observator* like a Hen lay every day an Addle Egg, and cackle when 'thas done ? And must the Lying *Intelligence* come out twice a week, and all other Pamphlets be forbid ? What Reason ? I can't find one among the Fool *Fests* 19 ; nor do I hear Mr. *Law* speak any thing so partially.

Mom. But if Mr. *Fest* thinks so, 'tis enough ; that goes beyond both Law and Reason.

Com. Yes, I know he is a Thinking *Animal*, he is thinking of *Turns* and *Tides* too. Well, well, but we hope we may think too under the Rose, and without fear of a Stone Doublet or a Wooden Ruff, what *Tydes* and *Turns* the *Animul* dreams as well as thinks of ; and we may think too that he may be deceived at last.

Mom. Ay but Sir, he has thought till his Head turns round ; he thinks the Tyde flows when it ebbs ; like the Man in a Boat, that thought *Pauls* Steeple was running out of the City, when 'twas the Boat that mov'd, and not the Steeple.

Com. O but the men are turning and facing about already, and he takes the Gold Chains for Fetters, and is divellish angry he has not them in his Pockets.

Mom. He may think long enough e're he gets them ; but, Lord, what a many of Turnings this Fellow has troubled his head with. The poor *Protestants* he hath turnd off with a Quibble.

Com. Yes, he knows how upon occasion to turn his Coat I'le warrant you ; he's ready for a turn,

for turning some in and others out, and for turning the Guinneys into his Pockets.

Mom. But that won't serve his turn, unless he may turn all Protestant Dissenters out of the Land.

Com. He has already turn'd them into Toads, Frogs, Snails, Moles, and Pismires, and into all the Vermin he can think of.

Mom. Now he's at his Prayers to *Hercules* or the *Pope* ; if he can but get the Waggon out of the Mire, he'll shew you a new *Somerset*, as dexterously as ever *Jacob Hall* did.

Com. And he is now putting his Shoulder to the Wheel, and strives till he wheees again. Now (cries he) *Old Ball*, now or never ; the whole Team swets at it, and he thinks the Wheel begins to turn.

Mom. If it does, he'll soon turn the Protestant Dissenters into the Fire, that will be the last turn.

Com. He has already made the Papists and the Protestant Dissenters all one, and no difference in their Consciences or Religion. You may easily perceive what Tribe he is of, and the Devil of Persecution will be known by his Cloven Foot, as like a Protestant Sheep as he looks. But now he begins to hope too in a Parliament.

Mom. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to tell us, he will still meet his People in frequent Parliaments, so that 'tis very likely we shall have a Parliament. Now if *Heraclitus* could but get a Parliament to be of his mind, he thinks all will do well ; but I am persuaded that the People of *England* and he are of different minds, and that they know how to make choice of their Representatives, and know their own true Interest, the good of His Majesty, and how to secure their Laws, Liberties, and Religion, without his directions.

Com. But O his fine story ! You may see what he would be at, Hanging up the Protestant Dissenters, half a dozen, or half a dozen dozen when the hand is in, of these Protestant Moles to awe the *Myrmidens*. I perceive he is afraid of the *Emmets*, and lest they should have an *Achilles* to lead them. But he had his *Tantivy* Spectacles on, when he saw the Protestants in the shape of *Pismires*. They are a rare sort of Spectacles that can make Dissenters any thing the Maggot of this Fabler pleases. But can't you think of never an old story of *Queen Dicks* *Gardners* Grandmothers Grandfather ?

Mom. Once upon a time, There was a Noble Person, whose Ancestors, time out of mind, had enjoyed, and was Lord of a fair Estate : to whose Mansion were joyned three large Orchards, in which grew all sorts of fruits, and in the branches of whose Trees inhabited all sorts of Birds, who with their sweet Notes, and harmonious Voices, rendred the Orchard very delightful to the Lords thereof. In process

of time the Gardeners and others, employed about these Orchards, through negligence and design, permitted many *Rats* to make their Nests, and to breed in those Orchards; which *Rats* being a very wicked, subtle and pernicious sort of *Vermin*, increased so fast, that they became formidable, and eat up the best fruits in the Orchards, and some of them designed to fall upon the Lord of the place, and to tear out his Throat, and then to fall upon all the Birds, drive them away, and to enjoy the Orchards themselves; and taking their opportunity, fell upon one of the honest *Gardeners* in the night, who began to set up *Rat-Traps* to catch them, and tore out his Throat. Upon this the Lord of the place began to be angry with his *Gardeners*, for that the *Rats* had been suffered to grow so numerous, and for the spoil had been made in his Orchards, and many of them to excuse themselves and the *Rats*, laid all the fault on the *Birds*, and said that it was they who had eat up all the Lords Fruit, and that the *Tit-mice* had shewed them the way. You must know that some Years before, in the time of this Lords Progenitor, that a company of *Titmice* and *Rear-mice* or *Rats*, and some such *Vermine*, among whom were many *Rats* and *Mice*, fell upon the fruit, and had like to have destroyed all the Orchards, and done un-speakable mischief. But afterwards, they being driven away by the *Loyal Birds*, who could not endure them ever since, yet if any mischief be done in the Orchards, presently the *Rats* and the idle *Gardeners*, tell the Lords that 'tis the *Birds* that did it, and that they were all grown as bad as the *Titmice*, and that his *Orchard* would never thrive, unless he Banish'd all the *Birds*, excepting one sort called the *Owsell*, a fair singing *Bird*. But the Lord unwilling to have his *Birds* troubled, finding an Harmony in their peaceable Notes, hearkned not thereto, and would not have them molested; however, some of the *Gardeners*, and under *Labourers*, hating these *Birds* out of design, especially those who stirred them up to their duty, by their early singing, endeavoured to make *Traps* for them, and began to fling Stones at them, to lay *Bird-lime* to catch them, made *Clacks* and *Noises* to affright them, and *Cages* to drive them into, that they might not have their liberty to sing, so that all, or most of the *Birds*, though it were in the Spring of the Year, grew sullen, were scared, and would not sing as the Lord desired, which troubled him very much; but some honest *Gardeners* left among the rest, boldly told the Lord that if he would cause all his *Gardeners* to make use of the *Rat-Traps*, and fully and wholly destroy the pernicious *Rats*, that the *Birds* might not be affrighted by them, he should soon hear all the *Birds* sing most melodiously, and as harmoniously as ever, and that he would then find, that they were neither the *Birds* or *Pismires*, that eat his *Fruits*, and spoil'd his *Orchards* and his *Trees*, but the subtle, contriving and voracious *Rats*, who had a mind to inhabit the place by themselves.

Com. Well, ha' you done with your Story? if you have, let's have some *Queries*, now *Jest* and *Ernest* have none, that the fools mayn't take them to be their reverions and scraps, for they think we have no *Wit*, we are two *Protestant* Fools.

Mom. As for my *Wit* 'tis no matter, if I han't much, if I have enough to keep my Fingers out of the fire, I shall have more than they have. As for picking up their Scraps, I do not find their Feasts of

Wit so bountiful; for when all's done, 'tis but a *Ship-Diet*, pickled *Beef*, salted *Pork* and *Pease Porridge*, with a little *Poor John* and a *Red-Herring*. But this Mr. *Bays*, judges of *Wit* by his own *Standart*; he who approves of his lewd Lines, is by his Rule infallibly a *Wit*, and he who opposes them, or finds fault with them, is *ipso facto*, a *Fool*. But as for my Religion, what e're it be, I would not yet change with him: Sure he had his *Tantivy Spectacles* on again, when he saw us 5 Leagues a *Stern* of him; I thought we had come fairly up to him, and given him several *Broad-Sides*, which he has at last answered with a single *Gun*, that has yet done us no damage, and neither touch'd our *Wit* or our *Honesty*.

Com. Ay, But he has dipt you *Mr. Momus* for a *Divine*, and says you are a *Splitter of Church-Bottoms*.

Mom. That's a *Jest*, Because I made all the *Protestant* *Churches* have but one *Catholique Bottom*: Indeed if any of them be like Sir *William Petty's* double *Keel'd Vessel*, with two *Bottoms*; tis the *Church of England* that has both a *Catholique* and a *National Bottom*. But the *Fool Ernest* begins to be serious, and quotes *Scripture*; in *Answer* to which I will put him two or three serious *Queries*; and though he never answered any, that have been yet put to him, he is desired to think of these.

1. Whether there be but one *Protestant*, *National Church* in *Christendom*, and which it is?

2. Whether all or any of the *Protestant* *Churches* beyond the *Seas*, are a part of *Christ's* true *Catholick Church* or not?

3. Whether it be not hard measure, to grant the *Church of Rome* to be a *Church* (though a polluted and idolatrous *Church*, as many *Protestants* have yielded) yet to deny the *Reformed Churches* in *England* to be *Churches*, because not of the *Communion* of the *Church of England*?

4. Whether *Momus* his *Divinity* be not good and authentick which averr'd, that so far forth as any one *Particular* or *National Church*, or *Congregation* of *Men*, agreed with the *Doctrine* and *Practice* of *Christ* and his *Apostles*, and followed the *Primitive Rule* and *Constitutions* of the *Church of Christ*, so far they were of the true *Catholique* and *Apostolique Church*, and no farther?

5. Whether in saying, that there may be more *Churches* in *England*, tho' but one of *England* by *Law* established, be consequently an owning of every company of *Schismatics*, *Separatists*, or *Factional Fellows* for a *Church*?

6. Whether he who pleads so much for indifferent things in Religion, would not account all *Popish Ceremonies* as indifferent, when by *Law* established?

7. Whether the foul mouths of all the *Accusers* of the *Protestant Dissenters*, can bring one instance for this 20 years, that they have been disobedient to the *Government*, or have not submitted to all the Kings *Laws* actively or passively?

8. Whether such *Ineendaries* as *Heraclit*, and others, do not all they can maliciously to alter the goodness and love inherent in His *Majesty*, to all his *Subjects*, into hatred, jealousy and fear?

9. Whether he who advises the King to put the *Laws* in practice against the *Dissenters*, and to use them as the *Popists*, (which he equals with them) would not be as ready to fling them also into the fire, if they should refuse to fall down before an *Idol*, or any other *Protestant* of the *Church of England*?

Com. I'll put in a *Query* too. Whether the Geese that sav'd the *Roman Capital* from the *Enemy*, were not better *Subjects* than these cackling Geese, who make such a noise and clamor Weekly and Daily in the Ears of the people, that they may not hear the approach of their *Popish* and *French Enemies*?

Advertisement.

*T*hese are to give notice that the great *Popish Engineer Heraclitus*, not being yet able to compass his *Elephant Trap*, in the meantime professes the *Art of making Mole Traps*, to catch *Protestant Moles*; and he hopes as soon as he can turn his *Wheel*, which he is labouring hard at, he will shew you many other *Traps*, besides *Want-Traps*, and several *Engines* and *Devices*, to catch all sorts of *Protestants* whatsoever, if they stay in the Land.

DEMOCRITVS RIDENVS:
OR,

Comus and Momus.

A New *Fest* and *Earnest* Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, May 8. 1681.

*Comus.**Look you, but look you.**Momus.* What should I look at?*Com.* Look you 's the word. Mr. *Fest* and *Earnest* are troubled that Mortals can look no better than they should do. Did you ever see the Hangings of 88? how full of Expectation the Jesuits, Priests, and Friers look'd over the Hatches?*Mom.* But how did they look when they were beaten and sent about *Scotland* to *Spain*?*Com.* Just like a Dog in a Halter, or like *Coleman* when he saw no Pardon come, and he was just about to take his last Swing, full of Despair.*Mom.* But how looks *Fest* of late?*Com.* Like a Dog in a Doublet, or a Jackanapes a horseback riding before the Bears, as grave as a State Divine. Did you ever see a Monkey looking out of a window? so demurely looks *Fest* in his last Apparition.*Mom.* How looks *Earnest*?*Com.* As the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*, with a spiteful eye to see the Church stand still. But I think he looks like a Statue; I have thrust Pins in's Arse, and he's no more sensible than a Beetle.*Mom.* Oh these Masqueraders have their several sorts of Looks and Grimaces.*Com.* Have they your Religious Looks too?*Mom.* Did you ever see a Vaulting Franciscan in a Pulpit? if you have, you have seen the Devils head looking out of a Cupboard.*Com.* With the Looks of *Jack Pudden* on the Stage; but how looks a Jesuit?*Mom.* He is the *Proteus* of Looks; at *Doway* he looks like a Saint, at a *Wild House* Consalt like a Devil, at a *Somerset House* Murder like a *Bravo*, and at the Gallows like an Innocent.*Com.* But how looks a *Tantwiv* over his Cups?*Mom.* Like a Roost-cock, red about the Gills, shaking his Coxcomb, and crowing over Dissenters.*Com.* But how will he look when Popery comes in, and he is thrust into a Cloyster, or turn'd out of the Kingdom?*Mom.* As like an Ass as ever you saw any thing. Then *Tony* will have little list to gern; 'twill then be *Tony Griet, Griet Tony Griet*.*Com.* But *Earnest* looks already like a Jest Ass of the Peace, for he is shewing his Abilities, and laying forth his Talent, as a man may say, and letting the World understand he is a skill'd Fool in the Laws, he has the Statutes at his fingers ends, and longs to be putting them in execution.*Mom.* Now do I think he looks as like Squire *atch* as ere I saw a man. He would fain hang a man for carrying his Arms by his tide.

cutting them off too. He'll find fault next with Woodcocks for going armed with long Bills.

Mom. But how looks the Fellow with the Tube?*Com.* O you mean the *Observator*, that is looking with his Cross Staff to see the motion of the Draggon upon *Bow*. Why, he looks as like the Owl in *Montelion's Almanac* looking at the Stars, as ever I saw any thing in my life.*Mom.* Have a care of him, he is a Devil at Magnifying, Multiplying, Subtracting, Detracting, Dividing, and Separating. He'll make all the Mites in the Protestant Cheese to be Dissenters.*Com.* Like his Brother the Philosopher, who thinks all Snails with their Shells to be Elephants with Castles on their backs.*Mom.* This *Observator* is an excellent Chirurgeon, he'll dissect you a Dissenter to an hair, and cut him out to nothing.*Com.* I thought he had been a Tinker by the beating of his Kettle, and crying, Have you any Work to mend?*Mom.* No, 'tis a making Tinker, not a mending Tinker; he'd fain be drilling holes in the State.*Com.* He has observ'd so long, that I think he sees not very well, for he heard some buzzing about his ears, and he took it for a Swarm of Bees, and now he is beating his Pan to bring them to *Hive*. But stay, 'tis yet too early in the Year, the Bees are not swarming, he beats his Pan too soon; and the Protestant Bees wo'nt care for a Popish Hive.*Mom.* He makes a noise like old *Towzer's Gun*, he gives us an uncertain warning, we sha'nt know how often he intends to shoot.*Com.* I hear the old Cur is come again, with his old *Broom* at his Tail, to sweep the Commonwealth clean from Spiders.*Mom.* Now the Sun is set at *Oxford*, the Night-Owls begin to come abroad; what an Hooting they keep?*Com.* The old Howl just, Ware Woolf, Sheep look to your Jackets.*Mom.* Nay, 'tis an Antichristian Dog, how after two or three Bow-wows he snapt up *Smith* and *Harris*, and run away with 'em.*Com.* He took them for Christian Sheep, and eats them for spite. He's at his old tricks, gnawing of Protestant Bones till his Teeth bleed; and at barking at the Moon, till she flings an Eclipse in his Face, or till the little Dogs whorry him into the Chest in the Garret.*Mom.* We are now come to our Catechism; it follows after the *Pater noster*, *Quetion* and *Answer*, A long Sword and a stabbing Dagger belonging to it.*Com.* His old Trade full raising the Devil, and

the Left. But maynt I ask the *Observator* a question, Where he has been all this while?

Mom. I'll lend you an Answer, with his old Friend in close consultation, and now he's come to make use of his Politicks. But let him alone with his Tube, he'll tell us shortly, if what *Don Ruggiero* affirms of the Moon be true or not, that she is made of Green Cheese.

Com. I'll ha' nothing to say to him, for he is all *Earnest* and no *Fest*, all Knave without the Fools Coat. He thinks he is at *Snicker Snee* amongst the *Batterboxes*, but you'll see *Country Tom*, or *Tom the Joyner*, or *Tom Tell-trotb*, or some of those Fellows, reach him such a Pat over the Pate with the Quarter-staff of Truth and Query, that may make him have little list to sing *Walsingham*.

Mom. But shall we part without shaking hands with a few *Quere's*?

Com. By no means, pray use your wonted Civility to Mr. *Fest* and *Earnest*.

Mom. 1. Whether Mr. *Earnest* is not somewhat fawcy in calling the Kingdoms Representatives his Servants? And whether he also does not bely them, in saying they look upon them as if they were either ours, or our great Masters Masters?

2. Whether the richest Bishop in *England* would not think himself a very happy man, to be in all things like the primitive Bishops *Timothy* and *Titus*, (so despically accounted of by Mr. *Earnest*?) And whether then he would not have more Evangelical Power and of the Holy Spirit, than is usually found or observed?

3. Whether the Kings greatest Prerogative be not the preservation and defence of his Subjects? And whether if the Subjects should intrench upon the Kings Prerogative, they do not do violence to themselves?

4. Whether the greatest Right, and the chiefest Privilege of the People of *England*, be not, that neither the King, nor any in Authority under him, have any Power of Jurisdiction over a free-born *Englishman*, but what the Law gives them?

5. Whether according to our late Sovereigns Maxim, The Peoples Liberties do not strengthen the Kings Prerogative, and the Kings Prerogative defend the Peoples Liberties? *Rushw. Collect. p. 613.* And whether then they are not Traitors to the King, and Betrayers of the People, who would endeavour to make a Separation and Division betwixt these two?

6. Whether the Growth of Popery, and the Decay of Trade, be not the two great Calamities of *England*? And whether those who complain of these Grievances, deserve therefore to be called *Achme Villains*?

7. Whether *Heraclitus*, and all the World, would not think it very unreasonable, to call all the Clergy of the Church of *England* Felons, Murderers, and Blasphemers, because one of them was hang'd in *Southwark* for a Robbery, and another at *Tyburn* for Murder, and a third deserving it for his blasphemous *Pater noster*? And whether it is not then as unreasonable and as unchristianlike, for *Heraclitus* and *Towzer* to call all the Presbyterians Rebels, Murderers, and Traitors, because some few under that notion were so?

8. Whether he who appears so much for Law, Government, and Prerogative, be not one of those secret Miners employed to undermine first, and then

blow up, both Prerogative, Government, and Law?

9. Whether *Earnest's* sixth *Quere* Num. 12. be not a scandalous reflection against a worthy Gentleman, and a late Member in Parliament? And whether he is not libell'd out of revenge, because he moved in Parliament for the Liberty of the Press?

10. Whether such Fellows as *Heraclitus*, *Towzer*, and their Brother *Mystery*, do not more hurt to the Government than good by their Scribbling? And whether the old trick of Fooling does not grow stale, and almost as musty as shamming of Plots?

11. Whether a Countryman coming into a Coffee-house to read News, did not commit a true mistake, who seeing *N.T.*'s Intelligence lying on the Table, took it up and read *The Lying Protestant Intelligence*, instead of the *Loyal*?

So much for *Quere*; the last time we met I found you at your Prayers, if you please you may now leave me at mine.

Com. I hope they are not your last; but what Prayers have you got?

Mom. Onely a Second Part of the Litany:

*That the Gospel may still be preach'd in our Land,
That a Protestant King may us still command,
And that no man for's Conscience may ere be trepann'd,
Quæsumus te, &c.*

*That both King and People may be cur'd of their fears,
That all mens disguises may be pull'd o're their ears,
That men may leave fooling and fall to their pray'rs,
Quæsumus te, &c.*

*That the King and his People may be of one mind,
That these may prove Loyal and he may prove Kind,
That both Head and Body may perfect health find,
Quæsumus te, &c.*

*That the Popish Plot may at last be uncas'd,
That the chief Conspirators may appear all barefac'd,
That the Saddle of Guilt on the right back might be
plac'd,
Quæsumus te, &c.*

*That our King and our Parliament may have but one
That a lasting Peace they for us may frame, (aim,
That Law, Truth, and Justice may run down like a
stream,
Quæsumus te, &c.*

Advertisement.

*T*here is lately come over out of Holland one Doctor *Observator*, who undertakes to help People to their Wits again, whether they have lost them or not; and has a most excellent Pill to purge the Nation if they will swallow it, which according to the Romish Dispensatory is thus compos'd:

Rec. Of the Powder of Malice Inveterate a dram.
Of Calumny and Revenge ana half a dram.
Of the Syrup of Imposture half an ounce.
Of the Spirit of Wormwood and Rancour six quarts.
Of Popish Conscience dulcified two sh. ruples.
Of Hypocrisie and Design q.s.

Make them up s.a. and gild them with Jesuitical Cunning; let them be divided into two Pills. Question and Answer pro vice to be taken weekly.

DEMOCRITUS RIDENS:

O R,

Comus and Momus.

A New Fest and Earnest Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday May 16. 1681.

Momus.

How now, *Comus*? not in Newgate yet? *Comus*. Yes, I ha' been there, and I find it a most edifying College; 'tis your School of Literature, most of your Pamphlets, Plots, Harangues, and Litanies too, are there safely contrived. A man shall learn there more in an hour, than in 14 weeks of the Jesuitical Schoolmasters *Fest* and *Earnest*, and have his eyes sooner opened, and his understanding enlightened.

Mom. Then there are your Newgate Muses as well as your Country Muses.

Com. Ay Iau are there, and for example I'le shew you one of them came out in Print last week;

The Presbyterian's sick of too much freedom,
Are ripe for Beth'lcm, it's high time to bleed 'em;
The Second Charles does neither fear nor need 'em.

So you see what a hand they will make soon of the whole Body of the Presbyterians.

Mom. The whole Body of a Mouse, which Mr. *Jest* says you would make an Elephant; and as Mr. *Observator* says, is but an handful of Thimbles and Bodkins shewn an hundred times over.

Com. Sometimes they are for magnifying and multiplying, and anon for subtracting and lessening. Well, let the Presbyterians be few or numerous, little or great, you see what Counsel the King has given him by the Newgate Muses, to bleed these Vermin, that's it they would fain be at.

Mom. But stay, all are not to be had to Newgate these Hot-spurs would have there. They triumph before the victory, because they have got the old Elephant there, as *Jest* says, they think they have the World in a string.

Com. They have already tried and condemned him, and convicted him before the Law; they have made him a Traitor,

Mom. And would hang him too if they could; but stay, there is more than one word to a bargain; the Cause is not in Newgate.

Com. But she is very sick, *Jest* says, and drawing on, the Good Old Cause.

Mom. He means the Bad Old Cause, that is long since dead and buried by the Act of Oblivion, whose Ghost he often conjures up to affright the People; but the Good Old Cause, the Old Protestant Cause, is yet alive, and that's all the Cause I know of.

Com. But there are two Articles queried against us by Mr. *Earnest*, for which he threatens us with Newgate; ridiculing the Common Prayer, and affirming Arbitrary Government is still in being. What say you to this Treason?

Mom. 'Tis like his Accusations of the Good Old Cause Causless. Alas, he's grown angry, his Club

Muses have left him. At first he was still knocking us o're the Head with his Muses Fiddlesticks, till they returned to Oxford, and left him a little Doggrel. But why Ridiculing the Com. Prayer any more than Fletcher, who begins his *Lenten Litany*,

From Villany drest in Doublet of Zeal, &c.

I'le warrant you that was no Ridiculing the Common Prayer or Gerning at the Litany; and may'nt we have the liberty of Rhyming without Gerning and Ridiculing? I hope 'tis not like *A's* and *H's* *Pater noster, Creed, and Ten Commandments*; and yet they have escaped Newgate.

Com. But 'tis worse meddling with the Government than with the Church; you affirm Arbitrary Government is still in being.

Mom. What a Fool 'tis, that's a general Charge that no body will deny. Arbitrary Government is still in being somewhere either in *Turkie*, in *Rome*, or in *France*.

Com. But he means, or would have the People think he means, in *England*.

Mom. Why, because I affirmed Numb. 6. That there is no such Lady *Arbitrary* in being in *England*, and that she was turn'd out hence by Q. *Elizabeth* bag and baggage. The truth is, 'twas the Lady *Plot's* bloody business to bring in this Lady *Arbitrary*, which we were so much afraid of, and doubt still 'tis the business of *Fest* and *Earnest*, which because they cannot effect, they will accuse honest *Momus* and *Comus* with doing it.

Com. But what think you of another of the Newgate Muses called *The Waking Vision*, which advises the King,

If you'll be safe, you must expell them both,
The Roman Gnat and the Dissenting Moth;
And vigorously let them understand,
That you are King, and will like King command.

And by and by,

You must be sure to ruine both or none,
If one remains you're sure to be undone,
Unless you ruine the Fanatics too.

Mom. This is no Arbitrary Banishing or Knocking o'th' Head, or Ruining the Dissenters or Fanatics? That's all one; these Fellows I warrant you are Loyal special Addressors to His Majesty? These deserve not Newgate? Who would have the King a Tyrant, and banish all who do'nt please them, whether they do any thing against Law, or deserve it or not; 'tis all one, they are coupled with the Papists, tho known Traytors, and smell yet rank of a damnable Popish Plot, yet they must not be meddled with, unless the Dissenters be sent packing with 'em.

Com. Since my hand is in, I'le give you another taf of these Rhyming Rake-hell's Poetry. *Westminster Ghost* or a Newgate Muse he is, for abusing

and

and ridiculing our late Parliaments, and calls them Poetically,

Vain empty Nothings, that were lately all,
How just and how unpitied is your Fall?
Brisk Hot-spurs, inconsiderately bold,
By much too violent, and too hot to hold.
Unthinking Senat, fed with empty words,
Of Patriot Latyers and Protecting Lords.
An House of Commons crumbled into three,
Slaves in effect, and in appearance free,
Serv'd a dull Property for base hidden ends, &c.

And another he cries,

Under 500 Kings three Kingdoms grow, &c.

After this rate the Representatives of the whole Nation are abus'd and ridicul'd with Impunity; But 'tis well 'tis behind their backs.

Mom. Nay, they were bold enough to their Faces, when in a publick Coffee House one of them wrote upon their Votes, *That they were a pack of Villains.* 'Tis their chief aim and one of their great devices, to vilifie Parliaments, and if they could, to make the People out of love with them, and be glad and contented that the King would be without them; then they think they need not fear Newgate. But however, though these Fellows shew their malice and hate to Parliaments, for fear they should bring them to condign punishment, His Majesty has promised us frequent Parliaments, and the People are sensible of the Happiness and Honour of Parliaments, notwithstanding the designs of these Newgate Muses, and all they can say will not put out the eyes of Interest.

Com. But Mr. Earnest has made the case plain, nay as plain as Mr. Characters Answerer had done before with his Nonfense; That to keep out a Popish Successor from his Right is down right Popery, and by Statute too. Mr. Character with his Eloquence is knock'd o'th' head, for 'tis as plain as the Nose on a mans Face, who has lost it with the Pox.

Mom. Very plain on my word, because the Statute of 25 H.8. cap. 22. debars the Pope of Rome and the Apostolick See, to meddle with the Succession of the Kings of England, or to invest any to inherit these Kingdoms; therefore the King and Parliament if they please, might not order the Succession of the Crown; which to assert is no less than Treason by the Statute of 13 Eliz. and likewise in 25 H.8. the Parliament entailed the Succession to the Heirs of that Kings body lawfully begotten on Queen Anne, &c. In the 28th. year of the said King that Act was repealed, and the Crown entailed on the Heirs of the Body of Queen Jane, the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth both excluded, and made Illegitimate. In the 35th. year of his Reign the Parliament granted the Succession to Prince Edward, and for want of Heirs of his body to the Lady Mary and the Lady Elizabeth, and their Heirs successively, &c. So that 'tis a plain Popish Case, that disinheriting Popish Heirs by a Protestant King, and a Protestant Parliament, in a Protestant Kingdom, is down right Popery, according to Mr. Earnest's Logic.

Com. So much for his Law Case, which his Club Lawyer in the Temple helps his *Jure Divino* man to, and which he understands as bad as an Homily. But what say you to his *Tantundem dat tautidem?* There he claws off Mr. Character o' my word; in three Paragraphs he has answered all

his Rhetoric and Eloquence, and all his Sense and Reason too, if you'll believe him.

Mom. I'll tell you then.—

Com. Stay— for all your hast think of Consequences, though Mr. Character ne're thought of any, yet do not you harangue your self into Newgate. Let Mr. Character speak for himself.

Mom. I'll give him leave, onely one word to Mr. Earnest's *Tantidem*. I would ask him for my Information what the Birthright, Privileges, and Jewels of a Subject are? Whether they are any other, than what the Statute and Common Law of the Land bestow upon him? And if our Parliaments have not liberty to take away as well as bestow these Birthrights? And tho' the Birthright neither of the least as well as the greatest Subject, may be taken away by Bill, yet it may by solemn Act of Parliament, and their *Magna Charta* too; and the free-born English may again be made Villans and Slaves. Wherefore it behoves them to have a care in the Choice of those Representatives, into whose hands they commit this ALL; though I think there is no fear, since themselves are concerned, that they will have so little Wit or Honesty, as to endamage their own Birthrights, Privileges, and Freedoms, since it cannot be done without their Assents and Consents.

Com. Has the Law put you by all your *Quere's?*

Mom. No, I have a few yet left.

1. Whether *Jest* and *Earnest*, or the *Observer*, does believe or think we shall ever have a Parliament again?

2. Whether it is not usual and may be expected, that when the Tide is at lowest it will turn again?

3. Whether any of our former Parliaments had the like occasion, for the Exclusion of a Prince from the Succession, for having embraced a Religion so contrary to the Established Religion and Government of the Land, that by succeeding he must endanger both?

4. Whether ever any of our Parliaments now went about to limit the Succession without the consent of the King, or ever thought they could do it?

5. Whether they in endeavouring to effect it, did not act according to their Consciences, believing it to be conducing to the welfare and security of the Nation, and for the establishing of the Protestant Religion? And whether it be not yet the true *Vox Patriæ* and *Vox Populi*, and to which most of the People of England will say *Amen*, *That a Protestant should succeed?*

6. Whether Heraclitus be not a Jesuited Papist, who desires so earnestly a Papist might succeed, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing Popery brought in, and the Protestants either forced to Rebell, Recant their Religion, or be Burnt.

Advertisement.

THE ingenious Trapmaker and Virtuoso Heraclitus is about a new Knick-nack, a large Cradle, or a Trap to catch his numerous Litter, which the Bed at Ware will hardly hold, and which are dispersed in all the quarters of the Town, being resolved as soon as his work is finished to collect them from the Tower, Southwark, Colemanstreet, Cheapside, G— Court, and other places, and when you shall see his Ra-re-show.

DEMOCRITUS RIDENS:

OR,

Comus and Momus.

A New Jest and Earnest Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, May 23. 1681.

Comus.

BUT would you think it? The Oxford Muses are come to Town again.

Momus. The Jades were got drunk with Hippocrate, and have been asleep upon Parnassus. But what Ballad now?

Com. A Libera I'll assure you.

Mom. How, what Rogues are these? Ridiculing the Common Prayer? Was poor **Momus** and **Comus** threatned with Newgate for their Litany, and have **Earnest** and **Jest** fram'd one?

Com. Some may better steal an Horse, than others look over the Hedge. 'Tis no crime in a **Ramwiv** to make a Rhyming Litany, but 'tis abominable and profane in a Protestant Dissenter. I think now they are picking up our scraps.

Mom. They have got the Hare again; when she was gone she was damn'd dry meat. Well, whilst they sing let us dance.

Com. We may lawfully frisk it, look ye? They say we are Protestant **Morris-dancers**. Come, let us shake our Bells a little.

Mom. But have a care of the Rope, 'tis dangerous dancing on Ropes. But in good time we may come to it, says Mr. **Earnest**.

Com. But in the mean time what say you to a new Ballad?

Mom. A new Ballad? Come let's hear it; the subject?

Com. 'Tis of

The Popes Morris-dancers.

The first who began his bells for to gingle,
Was a frisking old Piper who us'd to dance single;
He long shook his heels to make our ears tingle.

Frick awhile Roger.

But he pip'd and he danc'd, and he made a foul clutter,
Till up flew his heels and he fell in the Gutter;
There lies the Popes Tumbler, the People did matter.

Rise again Towzer.

A dancing Baboon, yclep'd Heraclitus,
With Tabor and Pipe began to delight us,
Till with his foul Earnest he thought to affright us.

Pull off your Vizard.

With Ribbons, and Gewgaws, and Bawbles well drest;
With Sing-songs and Ballads, though none of the best,
He brings in his Monkey to dance, called Jest,

Higgldy Piggledy.

Upon the Stage then a sage Bard doth enter,
With Gridiron and Tongues to play he doth venture,
And strikes up old Tunes as loud as a Stentor.

Tantara rara.

The dancing Dog Trinculo next fell a Yel'ping,
Will they had brought the Intelligent Whelp in,
To the fire sport was some little helping.

The more the merrier.

Then in a long Gown appeared a **Tory**,
Who turn'd Pater nolter into an old story,
For which he did hardly escape Purgatory.

Fools must be meddling.

At last there came in the new Observator,
Who danc'd the old Jig like a Cinque and Cator;
Though mask'd, yet all sawe 'twas old Erra Pater:

Turn again Whittington.

Of the Popes Cause they are the **Advaneers**,
They shew you their Fiddles, but hide their Snaphangers,
Though jingling Church-bells, they're Rome's **Morris-dancers**.

Well play'd Innocent.

Mom. But do you hear the muttering of the People?

Com. What, about **Fitz-Harris**?

Mom. No, that there is no Plot. The **Newgate** Muses are at their old Trade; they would fain make themselves innocent, and promote the **Sham Plot**. Have you not seen **Poor Robins Dream** or **Vision**?

Com. But are they still so impudent, as to arraign the Justice of the Nation, bely the Kings Declarations, affront the Parliaments Votes, and outface the Kings Witnesses?

Mom. Impudent? Yes sure, they have enough to outface an Angel, if he should aver that here ever was any Popish Plot, or that the **Jesuits** murdered Sir **Edmund Bury-Godfrey**.

Com. Sure 'tis impossible; let's hear the Bells ring backwards,

Mom. Why then (pag. 4.) Bedlow is brought in saying to Dr. Tongue,

For Godfrey's death, 'twas thou persuadest me
To come in guilty; that black Perjury
Doth gnaw my Soul —

I swore that of that Murder I did know;
A man that in my life I never saw,
Yet three mens Lives I took by perjur'd Law.

Com. That's pretty plain; what more?

Mom. Hear Tongue's Answer.

Tony and Godfrey's Brother that contriv'd,
To make the forged Plot the more believ'd:
Tony hir'd Arnold for to cut's own Throat;
Arnold was cunning, did but half the joak.

And in the next page;

'Twas Tongue's Plot, and none but he contriv'd it,
And he's the Rogue that ever since reviv'd it.

Com. These are pretty **Newgate** Muses indeed; they sing sweetly. Or are not these fine **Morris-dancers**? And yet if a man opens but his mouth either about Plot or Murder, he's strait a 41 **Rebel** and **Spawn** of the Beast. You hear not **Heraclitus** find fault with any of these, though too publick.

Mom. Have a care of speaking, lest *Heracitus* stops your mouth with a Cow-turd; he has now mounted a *Rhinoceros*, and intends to rout the Elephant.

Com. A *Rhinoceros*! where are your eyes? 'tis but a *Hog* wrapt up in a *Black Friars Cloke* that he bestrides, and thinks that way to tilt at the Elephants Castle, and to run at the Windmill of State like a *Don Quixot*; but he had best have a care, lest the Sails do give him and his *Rhinoceros Hog* a toss into the air.

Mom. Nay he is now become a Champion for the free-born Subjects, and fears they are selling their Birthrights for Cakes and Ale.

Com. O the Vote of the Commons troubles his Conscience, and he is grown so bold now he is mounted, that he dares accuse them of giving away the Privileges of the People.

Mom. All I say is, let him have a care of's Ears when time may serve; for I never read of Parliaments that have been charged at such a rate, and perhaps by one who has not 40 s. Freehold. But he's now upon his *Rhinoceros*.

Com. Nay oppose him not, he's for the Privileges of the People. Will you not have men tried by their own Peers, according to the Laws of the Land, but by the Peers; to the trouble of the Lords, and disappoint the Law, and pervert its course? He may well conclude with a *Liberos*, when this is *Leges Anglia mutare*.

Com. Now, had a Protestant Dissenter meddled in this case, how many Rogues, Fools, and Villans, should he have been call'd? And yet this pragmatical Fellow *Earneſt* shall prate any thing at his pleasure. The Case of *Fitz-Harris* is no ordinary Case, and will trouble the heads of the most able Lawyers, and require the Consult and Deliberation of the most knowing Judges; yet our Puny Lawyer has determined the Case, and given it against the fence of a Parliament. But no doubt they very well understood their own and the Peoples right, when they voted, *That it was the undoubted right of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, to impeach any Peer or Commoner before the Lords for Treason, or for any high Crime or Misdemeanour, &c.* And it is known very well to be Law, that the Lords may proceed to Judgment against Offenders, of what nature soever, upon the complaint of the Commons. For they are a Court of Judicature and of Record, and act by their Judicial Power inherent in them by Law, and not by their Legislative Power. So that 'tis not *Leges mutare* the bringing a Suit before the Lords by the Commons, either by way of Impeachment, Complaint, or Information. For Judicature belongs to the Lords in Parliam. in 5 Cases by Law,

1. In Judgments against Delinquents, as well for Capital Crimes as Misdemeanours, as well against a Commoner as a Peer, if accused by the Commons.
2. In reversing erroneous Judgments in Parliaments.
3. In reversing erroneous Judgments in the Kings Bench.
4. In deciding of Suits long depending in other Courts, either for the difficulty of the Case or Delay.
5. In setting at liberty any of their own Members or Servants imprisoned, and staying Proceedings against them in Common Law during Parliament.

So that this is not *mutare Leges*, though the Parliament certainly have power to alter as well as make Laws. But

the Lords may also impannel a Jury, as 1 Rich. 2. in case of *Alice Pierce*. Though in cases of Treason, or Life and Death, where the Commons impeach, I think 'tis not allowable. This considered, I think no man that had less malice than *Heracitus* would have said, — *That if this be granted as an undoubted privilege, to impeach any Commoner for high Crimes and Misdemeanors, before the Lords in Parliament, they would by this means have brought on a perpetuating themselves without a Bill.*

Com. So, he charges them home; I see he goes thorough stitch with them, and knows their very hearts and intentions, for he spies (as he says) the root of the matter. He had better a been pelting at the Castle on the Elephant by half, if ever another Parliament sit.

Mom. We shall shortly see how my Lord Chief Justice will determine the Case, for this is no ordinary Case, since *Fitz-harris* was generally known to have an hand in the horrid Popish Plot, and one of the Conspirators to murder the King, and to subvert the Protestant Religion; and that because they took cognizance of this particular Case as their right, that therefore they would have impeached all Criminals, and that way hindred the ordinary course of Justice, and Proceedings at Law, and so proved the greatest Grievance of the Nation, is a Conclusion none but a *Masquerader* would have made.

Com. Well, well, all's well that ends well, say I. Some wiser than some. I'le n'er quarrel for Cakes and Ale; all are not Fools yet. Come let's leave these Law Cases, and let's have a concluding *Quere* or two, as *Uses* after the *Doctrine*.

Mom. Well then if they will please you,

1. Whether *H.R.* had not best stand Candidate to be chosen in the next Parliament, since he knows how so well to vindicate the Peoples Liberties and their Rights in Parliament; and whether if he does, he will be able to carry it with Cakes and Ale?

2. Whether he that has so great a spite upon all occasion at *The Pacquet of Advice from Rome*, is not one of those, who does all he can to set up the Interest of the Pope?

3. Whether the great Mortar-piece of Wit, that so lately discharged it self against our late Parliament, had not been more safely employed, for the battering of the Castle on the Elephant, with his two Granadoes *Fest* and *Earneſt*.

4. Whether *Heracitus* does not think himself a very great Gyant, since the branding of him, and some few more like himself, for *Masqueraders*, makes him say, that 'tis the branding of four parts of five of the Reformed Church of *England* with that Title?

5. Whether the writing and speaking against the Church of *Rome*, be the secret way of undermining the Church of *England*? And whether the Church of *Rome* and the Church of *England* stand upon one bottom, that a man cannot undermine the one, but he must ruin the other.

6. Whether the Devil has made his Instrument *H.R.* so hot, that *Comus* and *Momus* can't handle him without blistering their Fingers? And whether he is not convinced, that neither their Wit or their Courage was jaded, now he hears again the sound of their Morris-bells jingling in his ears?

DEMOCRITUS RIDENS:

O R,

Comus and Momus.

A New *Fest* and *Earnest* Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, May 30. 1681.

Comus.

I Say nothing but *Mum*. Be merry and wise. O the vanity of Talking!

Momus. You need not say any thing; *Fitz-Harris* has said enough.

Com. Not a word of the Pudden; that was in open Court, and after he was sworn, then you know a man may speak. He is coming to the bottom of the Plot.

Mom. 'Twill make well for a Popish Successor. Prethee was it in *Earnest* or in *Fest*? Wo'nt *H.R.* arraign him for it think you?

Com. As he has the late Parliament. O 'tis a pure Youth, and fears no Colours. But I believe he has not all the wit in the world.

Mom. But he has all the Law in his Pate, which he shews you too. Read him well, and consider how he puts Cases as readily as a Bencher.

Com. Nay he's for Natural and Rational.

Mom. Yes for the Natural and Rational making the People of *England*, and their Representatives in Parliament, Cyphers.

Com. He hates Printing, 'tis an idle thing to inform the People for nothing, look you for nothing; for they can't be Judges to take the mans sense, that is, to appeal to the People. Really 'tis most Natural and most Rational; and truly did not I hear these People talk some times, I should take them for Poets.

Mom. 'Tis true, the People have conferred their full Power and Authority upon their Representatives, so that they know they are not able according to Law to disclaim any thing they do. But therefore shall they be debarr'd of knowing what their Representatives do or have done? And must they not concern themselves nor be informed, whether their Representatives act well or ill? For though they are not Judges, as to disannul the Actions of their Representatives, but must stand to them; yet they are so far Judges of what they do, as to approve or dislike in themselves, and to judge whether their Actions be good and beneficial to the People or Commonalty, that they may give them their Thanks; and also if they act in their wrong, (as they may) by their knowledge of it they may take care of choosing those Representatives another time. Would not Mr. *Fest* think it a very irrational thing, if he had put any business to Arbitration, that because he is bound in an Obligation to stand to the Award of the Referees, that you should tell him it concern'd him not to know what they did, or what Arguments his Arbitrators had used in his behalf? I doubt he would not think this any enlightning Doctrine to his Understanding.

Com. Well, but I know a Proverb will equal

Chaucers old Sow, Fools must be meddling. We'll let that pass. But what say you to the Peoples Constituting the House of Commons? Was not Sir *F.W.* besides the Cushion, and beyond Law when he said it?

Mom. All that I shall say is this; If it be in the Kings sole power to constitute the House of Commons, (as *H.R.* the great Lawyer would prove by his Writ, &c.) that then it may so happen, that some Kings may be so unkind to that House, as never to send out any Writ for them, and never to constitute them: but if there can be no Parliament without them, their Constitution as an House, is as ancient as our Laws, and one of the Fundamental Privileges and Birthrights of this Nation, and is not at the will and pleasure of the Monarch; and so far the People constitute them in choosing them, that the House of Commons is made up of those individual Members they choose by the Kings Order; so that the Kings Writ may be *Causa causans*, as the Schoolmen say; and the Peoples Choice, *Causa sine quan non*, without which the House of Commons cannot have Being, or the Formal Cause of the Constitution of the House; but the primary Constitution of a Parliament is as ancient as the People for ought I know: For we read of the *Comitia* of the *Britains* under their pety Kings in the time of the *Romans*, and of the *Micel Gemots* or great Assemblies among the *Saxons*; where the Commons sat promiscuously among the great men, and this before Writs were issued out for them by King *Henry III.* whose first Writs bear date 49 *H.3.* So that 'tis not the Writ that constitutes the House of Commons, since they had a being long before they were assembled by Writ.

Com. Why, this is contrary to the learned Opinion of *Heracitus*, who hath made it a plain case, that the People of *England* have no natural right to choose their Members of the House of Commons, but that grand Privilege is derived to them only from the bounty of Kings; and if so, then say I, if Kings have the power of giving, then also the power of taking away this Right of Election, and so Goodby to you good House of Commons if the King pleases.

Mom. Hold a stroke, for this is at the Root. But let us see how he has plain'd his Case: First, a false Conclusion, because some certain Cities, Towns, and Burroughs, enjoy by the bountiful Charters of Kings the privilege of choosing Burghesses to represent them in Parliament, therefore the People have no Natural Right. Now mark the Reasons; First, if there were any Natural Right in the People, then all the People born in *England* would have a Vote. Secondly, they then

might create Representatives as oft as they please. Thirdly, all Cities, Burroughs, and Corporations, would have the same privilege.

Com. Is not this as plain as the Nose in your Face? What can you say against it?

Mom. I say, that we may as well conclude that men have no Natural Right to wear their Noses, because some men we see are without them, and are such as never had them, or had lost them. But to be serious; Mr. *Earnest* may know, that against his first Argument I say, that formerly all people had their Votes in the Electing of Knights of the Shire and Burgesses, but that it was enacted in the time of *H.6.* to avoid Tumults, that none should have Suffrage, or be empowered to Elect, but such Freeholders as had 40*s. per annum*, which 40*s.* then was as much as 40*l.* a year now. So that you see the Peoples Natural Right is clear by his own Argument, for it was general till thus restrained by their own consents, that is, by *Act of Parliament*.

Com. I think the Case grows rugged.

Mom. Secondly, that they may then create Representatives as oft as they please. This does not follow, for we say, Though they have a Natural Right to Elect, the King hath in his hand the Directing Power, and so his Writ (as I have said) may be *Causa causans*, which no ways destroys the Peoples Natural Right or most ancient Privilege, but puts it into act, though they act not till the King commands. In the third place he says, Because some Burroughs and Corporations have not this Right as well as the rest, therefore 'tis evident 'tis no Natural Right, but depends upon Charters and Grants from the Crown. The weakness of the Conclusion we have shewed already & say further, that as they are a part of the whole, their Natural Right is swallowed up in the whole, which is not derivatory, &c. but as they are distinct and particular parts of a Community, their Corporations receive those particular Grants and Privileges from the Crown; which if they should want, takes not from them or debarrs them of their Natural Right as *Englishmen*; for some Burroughs send by Prescription onely. As for *Wales*, that was a distinct Kingdom by it self, and Tributary, till annexed to *England* by King *John*, and afterwards in the 12 *E.1.* as may be seen by the Statute of *Rutland*, he established the Government thereof according to the Laws of *England*, which gave them a Right of sending Knights and Burgesses to the Parliament. As for their sending but one Knight from a County, it might be accounted sufficient, those Counties being neither so large, nor the People so numerous, as those of *England*. But I suppose the Right consists not in the number, but in the act, and in their being united into one body with *England*.

Com. It was very wisely done of *Heraclitus* to take away the Peoples Right of Choosing or Constituting their Representatives, before he fell foul upon the particular Members.

Mom. Nay, he has handled them without Mittens.

Com. Yes, tost them in a Blanket. But I say, let him have a care he gets not a *Mitimus* for his pains; or that he runs not his head so far into the Butts, that he finds an *Aliquid latet*, that will not let him draw it out again.

Mom. This is playing with Edge-tools till he cuts his Fingers.

Com. Have a care of his Cat of Nine tails; the Beadle is abroad and threatens hard: rather than stand out he would carry a Faggot to *Smithfield*, to burn the Heretick Dissenters.

Mom. This *Fitz-Harris* has troubled the man extremely, and he cries his accusing *D.* is aiming at the Deer, and striking at the King.

Com. He means Treason in grain.

Mom. Nay, if it be Treason in grain, I'll leave it to Knaves in grain to meddle with it.

Com. Let's have a few honest *Quere's*.

Mom. Such as may be a Defensive to *Earnest's* Cat of Nine tails.

1. If in the morning a man sees the Skies towards the East grow red, and he shall say or believe the Sun is about to rise; whether he may not with some confidence say and believe he is in the right?

2. Whether if a man sees a storm coming, and almost imminent, he would not be esteemed a Fool not to seek for shelter, but to stand still and say, Perhaps it may, perhaps it may'nt come, till he is caught in the Shower, and wet to the Skin?

3. Whether if Protestant Dissenters were united by Bill, and established by Law, they would not then be all of one Religion, and the King the Head of an Uniform Church, and not of a Monster, as Mr. *Earnest* vainly imagines, though there were a difference of some Opinions, as is to be seen in all Churches? And whether the several Opinions of the *Franciscans* and *Dominicans*, and others in the Church of *Rome*, concerning the Pope's Infallibility, General Councils, and other points of Faith, do any ways hinder that Church to be thought of one Religion, so long as they are agreed in the main?

4. Whether a Papistical Political Head of the Church will ever defend, or may rationally be thought can defend, the Political Rights of a Protestant Church established by Law, against his own Sentiments and Conscience, when it shall tell him he shall do God good service to destroy such Politick Rights? And whether he will not soon find means to make Laws for the pulling down such Rights, and setting up others more agreeable to his own Sentiments or Opinion, and by Law establish them? And whether any man that has his Senses, will be so foolish really to think otherwise?

5. Whether therefore that *Earnest* and *Jeff* are not Papists without Wizards, that dare put such *Quere's* in the behalf of the bringing in of *Popey*, or else Atheists or Hobbists of no Religion at all, notwithstanding their calling themselves honest and loyal, and of the Church of *England*?

6. Whether Mr. *Earnest* is not most horribly afraid, that the bottom of the still Popish Plot should be found out? And whether he would not fain have *Fitz-Harris* his mouth stopt from telling the truth?

7. Whether *Old Nick* will not leave *Heraclitus* at last in the lurch, when he has so far spent his Popish Zeal against all true Protestants, and in advancing the Interest of *Rome*, as to run himself into a *Premunire*.

Quint. 12.

DEMOCRITUS RIDENS:

O R,

Comus and Momus.

A New *Fest* and *Earnest* Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, June 6. 1681.

Comus.

NE W Discoveries ! Discoveries upon Discoveries ! Nay then 'twill all out at the Bunghole.

Momus. What's the matter now, *Comus* ? Muttering between your Teeth !

Com. Why, would it not make a Jesuit mutter, to see the Devil such a Fool as he is, to be outwitted by something above him ? He has no sooner invented a Sham Plot, and set his Engines awork upon it, but 'tis spoiled before it can do the desired execution. These Papists would fain be found innocent and white, but still there is seen one blot or other in their Scutcheon, that makes them of a sanguine complexion.

Mom. All I can say is, they have ill luck. Nothing thrives better than a Woman has a hand in. These *Newgate* Plots thrive not so well as their Pamphlets.

Com. Did you see the *Advice to the Men of Shaftesbury* ? What think you of that Paper Kite ?

Mom. Think quotha ? Why, I think it the preparative Declaration of the Sham Plot that was to follow.

Com. Have a care of speaking against honest Protestant Writers. He confesses Man the Popish Plot, and says no man that is not void of reason but must confess its reality.

Mom. No thanks to his Brogues. A modest man, that wo'nt outface the world, and fling dirt in the face of the Justice of the Nation, as many of them do, especially in private. But does not he say too, *That no man that is not void of Reason, Loyalty to his King, and Love to his Country, can any ways question, but that the same Plot is carrying on still* ?

Com. Is not that a most Protestant like Assertion ? Do not we all say the same thing ?

Mom. There he tickles the Trout under the belly, that he may catch him by the Gills. Yes, the Plot is carried on (he tells you) but 'tis by different men, for different ends, by men called Fanatics or Commonwealthsmen ; that's the new term for all Loyalists. So that he has fairly before hand thrown the Plot on the Fanatics from off the Papists, who did but hand it to them, and this *Magriff* was to have been the Voucher of it, and then they would have cried *Tyburn*, *Tyburn*, a just reward *Tyburn*.

Com. It seems they cried *Tyburn* too soon. Mrs. *Cekier*'s Eggs are addled, the Popish Lords could not hatch the Chicken.

Mom. But they have hatch'd a Cockatrice, worse than that of the Comet Egg.

Com. What's to be done next ? Will there never be an end of this long Plot, that has outliv'd two or three Parliaments ?

Mom. 'Tis certain this Plot will never have an end, for it will spawn new Plots till the old Plotters are hang'd ; and that's the true way to put an end to all Plots.

Com. What then will become of the Masquanders ?

Mom. Let them turn honest if they can, and learn of *Heracitus* to answer Libels, for that Trade will go forward still, unless all the scribbling Jesuits and Priests be banish'd from hence.

Com. 'Twas well remembred, I had almost forgot our old Friends *Fest* and *Earnest*. But what made 'em say, that one *Harris* was kidnapp'd for dispersing a Treasonous Libel ; I thought he had been taken by Justice legally, and not spirited away against Law.

Mom. 'Tis the mans witty way of expressing himself. No hurt (Sir) I hope to make *Harris*, who dispers'd a Popish Libel, an honest man, and the Justice of the Peace who committed him a Thief, that is, a Kidnapper.

Com. Now would any but a Jesuit have found out such an Interpretation ?

Mom. Or would any but a Fool or a Knave have us'd that Expression ? And if Mr. *Earnest* be of the mind of some men, he had rather be accounted the later than the first, and so far I have done him right.

Com. Well, but *Fest* and *Earnest* are very busie, let us not interrupt them, they are turn'd Examiners of the *Oxford* Pupil and his Tutor.

Mom. And what find they there ?

Com. Mr. *Earnest* finds something there it seems which makes him very waspish, forgetful, and to contradict himself.

Mom. As how ?

Com. He says, *He believes all Government is from God* ; and but two lines after he says, *That a Commonwealth is a Government of Mans making, and has its foundation so essentially in Rebellion, that there cannot be shewn one Commonwealth, which was not erected upon the ruine of a Monarchy by Rebellion*. So here he makes a Commonwealth to be first of Man's making, and then of the Devils making.

Mom. All Commonwealths are beholden to him ; but I think he babbles as if it were growing towards Midsomer. I am of opinion the Jews Government after they left Egypt was popular, and very far from what we call Monarchy, and so remained till the People forc'd *Samuel* against his mind, and against the mind of God, to change it, by electing them a King, that they might be like other Nations.

Com. I am of Opinion that all Government is from God, and that one sort is *jure divino* as much as another, but since both of us believe our own mixt

mixt Monarchy to be the best sort of Government in the World, and most agreeable to the Constitution of *England*, and as much *jure divino* as any, let us leave *Jest* and *Earneſt* to pelt at *Commonwealths*, and have a few *Quarries* if you please.

Mom. With all my Heart.

1. Whether if the Clew of *Treason in Grain* be rightly followed, it will not bring them to the private *Popish* *Presses*, which have sent abroad lately so many *Libels*, and *Factious Pamphlets*?

2. Whether if *Comus* and *Momus* were able to put the People out of love with *Parliaments* (as *H.R.* says) they might not be thought to do *Jest* and *Earneſt* good Service, since they have so much abused them, as that they may well be afraid of

Com. How now Gravell'd? (them?)

Mom. No, I have more in my Budget, but I had forgot, I have found an *Ode* here, why mayn't we sing as well as *Jest* and *Earneſt*?

Com. I know no reason to the contrary, for we are not yet in *Babylon*, 'twill be then time enough to hang up our *Harps upon the Willows*. What do you call it?

Mom. What you will?

Com. What think you of the *Request*?

Mom. I don't like the *Word*, it is too familiar for the Subject.

Com. Then the *Petition*.

Mom. That's worse, 'twill give offence.

Com. What say you then if it be named the *Supplication*?

Mom. Let it be so then, you must bear your part.

Com. I will.

Mom. Begin then.

The SUPPLICATION

A Pindarique ODE.

I.

Com. Great Sir, made great by Heavens own hand,
Advanc'd and placed in the Throne
By Heav'n alone,
Who gave you Power and Command:
Three Crowns your due plac'd on your Royal Head,
Your Foes o'recame,
Extoll'd your Name,
And through the wond'ring World it spread.
But what was more,
He did restore
You to your Peoples Love, their Joy, their Care:
Heav'n's keep you still what once you were,
Let no black Clouds eclipse your Light,
But still shine bright,
Be ours and all the worlds both Wonder and Delight.

I I.

Mom. Truths sacred Fire within me glows,
And through me modest boldness spreads,
That nothing dreads,
Pernicious Flattery o'rethrews,
No base and servile ends it knows,
Scorns all delusive Arts,
And reigns alone in Loyal Hearts.
'Tis they who onely dare,
Touch'd with this sacred Fire,
Make known their Loyalty and their Desire,
In Supplication and in Pray'r;
What Truth dares own, and what is meet,
Lay down before great Charles our Monarchs feet.

I I I.

Com. Look up, Illustrious Sir, and see
What Clouds eclipse the day,
And binder Sol's most glorious Ray,
That to the Earth he can't a comfort be:
The shining Morn has lost its light,
Thick Fogs arise,
That like a Skreen before our eyes,
Ere Day is done makes us to think it Night.
These are no vain and idle Dreams,
Nor fantastic popular Theams,
Rais'd to awake the Peoples Fears,
They'd you deceive,
Who would not have you this believe,
But buzz false stories in your Royal Ears.

I V.

Mom. The Peoples Fears and Jealousies,
Their Groans and Sighs,
Like Clouds and Thunder in the Skies
A Storm foretell,
A dismal Storm rais'd up by Hell,
Which threatens Britain's Peace,
Her Happiness, her Unity,
Religion, Freedom, Property;
And chiefly you her Royal Head,
The threatening Storm around doth spread,
And every day seems to increase;
Yet some false Bards, for such there are,
Sing these are Halyon days and fair,
Happy is the British State,
The People idle Fears create,
They dream of Plots when there is none,
But what they raise up of their own,
Like Zedekiah's Propheſies,
They fill their mouths with pleasing Lies,
And praise what ere you do unto the Skies.

V.

Chorus. With bended knees we fall before
Your Royal Feet,
And you implore,
As it is meet,
Like Loyal Subjects you we supplicate
Before you now,
With us do many thousands bow,
With Loyal Heart and Humble Knee,
Petitioning Your Majesty,
That you at last
Will hear your Peoples loud Request,
And to their Supplication lend an ear:
Secure them from their dismal fear,
And from the Ill that's imminent.
'Tis in your power to give content,
And many thousand drooping hearts to cheer,
By Calling of your PARLIAMENT;
That you and they
May in your Wisdoms find a way
That all our murmuring Fears may cease,
By giving us an happy lasting Peace.
Then yours and our subtil Foes,
Who this oppose,
Shall lose their ends,
Who now appear disguised like Friends.
All Loyal Subjects then shall bring
Their thankful Offering,
To Peans in every Street shall sing;
Then CHARLES's Name
They shall proclaim,
And cry, Long live and reign our good and gracious

(King.

DEMOCRITUS RIDEXS:
OR,

Comus and Momus.

A New *Fest* and *Earnest* Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, June 13. 1681.

Comus.

W^ELL, Sir, and what are you, *ἄπλως* or *κτινί?*

Momus. How now, breaking our head with a *Grecian* Crab-stick?

Com. The world's divided, you must be either a Papist or a Fanatic.

Mom. No *medium* then? I hope the *Church of England* is not overthrown already?

Com. But she's diuided, Sir, and that's next door to it. For all those who spread forth the *Latitudinarian* Sails, with *Tantnivy* Colours, carry *Arminian* Arms, and cry *Huzza, Have at all.* The hunt's up, down with them are called *Tories*, Papists, Masqueraders, and all those who dread the Consequences of a Popish Successor, desire a Parliament, petition the King, or but open their mouths for *Magna Charta*, or the Liberties of the people, are all Fanatics.

Mom. Did I never think to see the Protestants of the *Church of England* thus divided betwixt Papists and Fanatics, and yet many of both sides right worthy loyal and honest meaning men.

Com. Zeal, Zeal, O this blind Zeal has eat up all their brains: they are snarling about a bone, whilst another is at hand to carry it away from both, if they should once fall to it.

Mom. Well, I find I am no Papist, call me what you will, and for ought I know Fanatic may in time come to signify a loyal and a religious person.

Com. But that wo't serve your turn: what sort of Fanatic are you, a Fool-Fanatic or a Knave-Fanatic, for so our Friend *Earnest* has subdivided them?

Mom. What no *medium* there neither, not a religious man nor a wise man among them?

Com. O yes, Sir, your religious men are your Fool-Fanatics, and your wise men are your Knave-Fanatics.

Mom. Nay if it be so, I care not which Tribe I am of; but are not those called Papists distinguish'd too?

Com. They may be; there is your Papist *simplex* and your Papist *cautus* or *convolutus*. The first is a simple well meaning man, is of the Religion his Forefathers were of, and what that is never troubles his head, so it be established by Law 'tis enough; he believes as he is told, jogs on with his Neighbours, and looks not much before him. But your *cautus* or *convolutus* is your right *Politico*, under the Cloke of Religion he carries on his designs, zealously he cries out against the Pope, Plotters, and Fanatics, endeavours to sham Plots upon the later, talks of Arbitrary Government, magnifies the power of Kings, rails at Commonwealths, despises Parliaments, upbraids the people, remembers Rebellions, affrights the timorous, provokes the hot headed, and all to make a broil, that at last he may overthrow the whole and divide the spoil.

Mom. This is right *Apostrophe*, just 81, that would have Parliaments *Hab'd* out of their money till they trembled again.

Com. That is the true picture of their hearts, there the Masquerader let fall his Vizard, and let us have a glimpse of his bare Face. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, should be our *Magna Charta*, the French King our Patern, and the Pope our Oracle.

Mom. The Paper Kites are abroad, let the Dissenting Chickens look to themselves. These people talk'd against the Liberty of the Pres, but who abuses it more? Every day we hear their foul screaming after the prey:

Com. There's your Impartial Character, as full of Gall as Ink, with Mr. *Tantnivy*'s way of Conversion, railing and reviling.

Mom. In the mean time he has impartially characterized himself for a pious Christian, has he not?

Com. The Fumes of a Glass too much had inspired him; but let that pass. The Presbyterian is now drown'd in the general term Fanatic, that comprehends all Protestants now.

Mom. But whether are these *Feu's* driving?

Com.

Com. To Rome as fast as they can, and many of them blindfold too. But not a word of the Prophecy I beseech you.

Mom. Yes, since I was so true a Prophet. Did not I tell you, for all Mr. Earnest's bawling, that the old Elephant would shortly come again into his Castle, and break the Mole-catchers Traps.

Com. The Castle that's founded on truth and innocence can't be without difficulty undermined, and therefore I'll prophesie too, That the time will come when the Papistical Dogger-boat, as lofty as she now bears her head, shall veil her Bonnet, or strike sail to the Protestant Castle.

Mom. But in the mean time the Jesuits make use of the Fanatics to ruin the Church.

Com. That's so old a stale, the Jesuit may be seen behind it. 'Tis well known that *cautus* makes use of *simplex*, to set us together by the ears if he can.

Mom. But to the great grief of the Popish Faction, the people cannot be thrust out of the road of Loyalty, they had rather be *Issachars*, and groan under their burthens, goaded with Opprobries or Reproaches than rebellious Lions for any advantage.

Com. Opprobries, Reproaches; indeed they have enough of them to make the Asses kick. But (Friend) I doubt you are a Fanatic, and joyn with *Faneway*, *Curtis*, and *Carr*, to distract and divide Protestants into parties with your untruths; and to persuade the people, that all those who are truly loyal, *fear God and honour the King*, such as honest *Heraclitus*, are Papists.

Mom. Now would an honest meaning man think such a one spake as he thought, when indeed he laughs in his sleeve if he finds he can persuade any to believe him; for these are the very words of Mr. *Earnest*.

Com. And yet there are many *simplices* who believe this and much more.

Mom. And there are many thousands on the other side, who see thorough all this, and that the very same people would persuade the world, that the true loyal Protestants, who *fear God and honour the King*, and love their Country, are Fanatics.

Com. Time will shew the event.

Mom. Truth will at last be made known. The Times have a very different face from those of old; which they bring so often as a Glass to shew the Face of a Monster, and would persuade us 'tis the picture of our Times. Indeed the frame of their

own making seems something like, but the Image is no more like than an Apple is like a Nut.

Com. We shall see that when Apples and Nuts are ripe. In the mean time shall we have the rest of your *Quære's*, which you left in the bottom of your Budget the last time we met?

Mom. They at your service, with some new ones I thought of since.

1. Whether *Jest* and *Earnest* have shewed themselves competent Judges of either Law or Sence, in onely laughing at what they can't disprove? And whether they have not sav'd the Parliament the labour of making them Asses, since they have already made themselves so?

2. Whether *Heraclitus* has not very lately received a considerable summ of Money, for an encouragement to his Scribbling? And whether he is not promised more, and also a Yearly Pension?

3. Whether the late Framers of Addresses have not learn'd the so much cried out upon trick? And whether they can't as dexterously as others make use of it to blind the people?

4. Whether the people cannot see as far into a Milstone as *Heraclitus*, *Tomson*, or the *Observator*?

5. Whether Mr. *Earnest* does not sometimes go *ultra crepidam*, when he meddles with Parliaments and the City Officers?

6. Whether he has not learn'd, and does not often practise, the Jesuitical Maxim, *Asperge audacter aliquid hæredit*, Asperge boldly something will stick.

7. Whether it is not a great confirmation of *Heraclitus* his driving on a Popish Design, in that he never finds fault with any of their scandalous Invectives or pernicious Libels? And whether he himself has not at least a finger in some of them?

8. Whether one of the last set of *Quære's* were in *Jest* or in *Earnest*?

Obfervator Obferv'd:

OR,

PROTESTANT OBSERVATIONS

UPON

Anti-Protestant P A M P H L E T S

By way of Q U E S T I O N and A N S W E R.

Friday May the 6th. 1681.



Quest.

ARe not the People out of their Wits think you, that they run after every Piping fellow, who can but play upon the very Oaten Reed of Sedition, or make an ugly noise to the new Tune of running down the Dissentors.

Ans^w. Many never had the Wit to distinguish, and as the World goes, 'tis very hard to know a Protestant Pipe from a Jesuitical Flajolet, these State Musicians know how to play all Tunes. The People are honest and mean well, and pricking up their Ears, they think they hear the sweet Tunes of Loyalty, whilst the cunning Fidler runs Division, and thinks to make them Dance the old Jiggs of Forty One and Forty Eight.

Quest. Do they mistake the Fiddle and the Tunes say you? what think you of the Hornpipe of the Obfervator, does not it make most Loyal Musick?

A. It goes much after its old strain, right Phrygian, it has an echoing Tantarra with it, and would fain have the People Dance the Phrygian Dance in Armour.

Quest. But who is this Obfervator?

Ans^w. One with half an eye may see him: He is still big with the Press, he begins his Observations with it; 'tis Mr. Inquisitor, you may know him by the mark of the Beast in his forehead: He is sore grieved at the Press, 'tis the Press has made the people mad, because he cannot hang his Padlock on it again, that he might stifle all Pamphlets against the Papists, and put the Guinies and Crowns in his Pocket; oh! those were the Golden days he would fain see again, but in the mean time this Licensor is turning Physician, and he will forsooth either quickly cure or kill the people.

Quest. Which way, by Printing Pamphlets?

Ans^w. Yes, yes, the Press has made them mad, and therefore like Pelius's Spear, the same Medicine must set their Wits to right again. 'Tis Printing must convey the Remedy to the Disease, through the hand of this Jugling Quack the Obfervator.

Quest. Well, while he casts the Peoples waters, and observes their Maladies, you intend to cast his, do you, and to observe by what Rules he walks?

Ans^w. We will both observe and discover his Jugling Tricks as well as we can, for let me tell you, this is one of the Popes Rat Catchers, who is hired to Poyson all the Protestant Vermin, as he calls them, and to draw them to the Bait, he has made a Compound of wicked Mercury and the Lard of Loyalty, and this he disperses about the Kingdom to employson well meaning Protestants.

Quest. And do you intend to make it a weekly business or a daily?

Ans^w. I'll take my Liberty as well as he; I'll do as I see occasion; perhaps oftener, perhaps seldom.

Quest. But, in short, how do you intend to Observe this Obfervator?

Ans^w. Both in, and without his Protestant Cloak, and, as he says himself, by lifting up his Church of England masking Garment, and shewing the Popish and Jesuited Fidler underneath.

Quest. But by your favour, can you have any thing to say for Dissenters, a sort of People according to the Obfervators painting, that seem little better than Devils, and much worse than Papists or Mahumetans?

Ans^w. 'Tis true, he at first dash makes them no Christians, there he measures by his own Bushel, but assenting and consenting are the distinguishing marks of your Protestant Christians, your Dissenting is a Sign of Protestant Devils.

Quest. I thought that all Protestants had been Dissenters? and that dissenting from the Church of Rome had been a mark of a Protestant?

Ans^w. It seems not, for says Reverend Dr. Obfervator, he must be an Assenting and Consenting Protestant, or else no Christian.

Quest. What should they Assent and Consent to?

Ans^w. To All their blind Guides shall impose on 'em, right or wrong, with or against Law, Reason or Scripture, in fine, to all, what he calls the Church of England shall impose upon mens Consciences to be believed or done, and this is the Obfervators mark of a Christian.

Q. I had thought the Scriptures had given another mark of a Christian, and that all that confessed or owned the name of Christ were Christians, at least outwardly so?

A.

A.

Democritus Ridens :

O.R.

Comus and Momus,

A new JEST and EARNEST Pratling concerning the Times.

Monday, April 4. 1681.

Mom. **H**OW now *Comus*! what at Study? I thought thou hadst never read in all thy Life.

Com. Peace, Mr. *Reprobation*, I am seeking for a Prophesie out of *Erra Pater*, to match the Knight of *Rumford's*, which Mr. *Jest* shew'd me, and fill'd my Head so full of *Canon-drums*, they keep such a Churning, that I fear they will turn all my Brains to Butter.

Mom. That is an old erring Father indeed, I can Squirt better Prophecies my self, than any he has.

Com. Prithee furnish me with some.

Mom. When the Skie falls we shall catch Larks.

Com. Ay and Woodcocks too; but I'd have a true Prophecy.

Mom. When the Sun has been two hours set, if the Moon don't shine, it will be dark night: There's a true Prophecy for you.

Com. That won't do, I must have a strange Prophecy.

Mom. When all the Knaves and Fools are cull'd out of the World, the World will be very empty.

Com. Still short of the *Rumford* Prophecy.

Mom. What say you to one of *Lilly's* on this Month of *April*? the Dispositions of the People shall this Month be desirous of Novils, (that is, of Prophecies) and some novil thing shall break forth among them (and that is the *Rumford* Prophecy) which shall cause many vain Disputes (as between *Jest* and *Earnest*) and men to trouble their Brains to Write and Rant to no purpose, (as *Heraclitus* and *Nat. Thompson*) *Verbum sapientibus, and Finis Coronat opus.* I hope there is a sufficient Prophecy from an old Prophet: does that please you?

Com. Neither: I would have an Old, New, True, Strange Prophecy, in Verse.

Mom. Say you so? Well, for once I'll humour you, the Knight that Rode to *Rumford* to have his Breech mended, as he came back, his Horse stumbled upon this Prophecy.

Com. That, that, good *Momus* let's have it, I see 'tis a right *Rumford* Prophecy.

A second *Rumford* Prophecy.

*W*hen M D C with L shall Joyn,
And in their Rear March twenty Nine,
Hell-Hounds distract shall England's Peace,
And Fears and Jealousies increase:
An Hallow Plot shall be made known,
But shall miscarrie like Pope Joan,
And madly a Traytor some shall see,
Be Sainted at the Tripple Tree.
The Jesuits, Romish flower shall take,
In Celliers Meal-tub krazd their cake,
With Sham-Plot-Bane to Poyson all,
Those whom they Presbyterians call.

*Then you shall see a Wonder strange,
A Fidler to a Dog shall change,
And after he bath Bark'd a while,
Farted and Stunk, he'll leave the Isle.*

1680.

*When X's three shall follow L,
And they wait on M D C's Tail,
A Mimick Scribler Heraclitus,
To Strife and Discord shall incite us:
To Ben. Took's Ship be then shall Run,
And there shall fire Old Touzer's Gun:
A Bull shall Roar, and then shall Weep,
The Pope's Cross Keys shall fall asleep,
And Hind, and Marfh, and Thom, and Son,
Together with an Ashen Town,
Will Halters get, if bave their Meed,
For framing of the Devil's Creed;
Then Jest and Earnest shall Teach Schools,
And try which is the greatest Fool:
Fain will they make the People Mad,
But they shall Wise be, and not Gad,
They'll see the Knaves through their Disguise,
For all the Dust flung in their eyes.
Look to your VVives, doth Rumford say,
For Heraclitus oft shall stray,
And in Disguise the Dog shall creep,
Among the Presbyterian Sheep:
None for Religion will be spare,
Nor will make a Distinction there.
But let him then beware a clap,
For there are some can play at trap:
Fair Woodnymphs shall turn tatling Scabs,
And Women Echo's very Blabs.
But who shall live till Eighty three,
Shall see the Downfall of the P.
England shall thrive, great C. shall Reign,
And Men see Halcyon dayes again.*

Mom. There 'tis: what will you do with it now?

Com. Paste it on the Main-mast of *Ben. Took's* Ship, with the other *Rumford* Prophecy, for the People to read: But that you may find me grateful for your kindness, I'll give you a few Jests for your Prophecy.

Mom. I like Jests very well, if they be not Scurrilous, but I hope they are not *Heraclitus's* Jests.

Com. No I'll assure you, mine are not Stolen Ware, but they are very like *Heraclitus's* Jests, but that their Faces stand the other way.

Mom. Let's see 'em.

Com. 1. That to have all the Presbyterians and Diffenters from the Church of *England*, run down with being Achme, Top and Top Gallant Rebels of 41, is an old Jest and holds still.

2. That to make a man believe that has Sence and Reason, that the setting up of a Popish Successor, is the best way to pull down Popery, is a Jest indeed.

3. That to aver that all Petitioners for calling of Parliaments, Redressing Grievances, and Trying Traytors, are Rebels and Factious, this is a new Jest.

4. That

4. That Fools and Cheats should think to make Honest men to be thought Knaves and Owls, and to be rail'd and Hooted out of their Religion and Honesty, is a fine Jest indeed.

5. That to be a Presbyterian and a Rebel are terms Convertible, and to be a Dissenter and an Heretick is the same thing. That's a Jest of *Heraclitus* his making.

6. That to get the French King to part with 300000 £. to secure us against himself, would be a cunning Jest indeed.

7. That to make a solemn Appeal to the Parliament, and then to run away; That's one of *Towzer's* Jests.

8. That to be an *Ambodexter*, and run with the Hare and hold with the Hound, is a Jest for *Heraclitus* to pick out.

Mom. Thank you for your Jests; and in Requital, if you please, you may present Mr. *Earneſt* with some few old Statutes concerning Parliaments, for I understand he is a mighty Lover of Parliaments and the good of the Kingdome, he may read them at his leisure, 25 Ed. 3. ch. 23. 2 Rich. 2. No. 28. 36 E. 3. c. 10. 18 E. 3. c. 14. 5 E. 2. 1 Ri. 2. No. 95. 39 E. 3. Coke Inst. ch. 29. Fol. 5:

Com. I thank you Sir for your Kindness, but I shall not Present them, for he is not a Lover of old musty Statutes or Rolls: I shew'd him all the Penal Statutes against Recusants, and he laugh'd at 'em, and told me they concern'd Protestant Dissenters most.

Mom. That is, because they are so old they are become like Spiders Webs, through which the great Papistical flesh Flyes easily break, and the little humming Gnats riggle and swear themselves out of 'em, whilst Protestant Dissenters are caught in them, and hang by the Heels, till Justice *Arachne* seizes them.

Com. Therefore Sir I beseech you, put up your old Statutes, and give me a few *Queries* to throw at Mr. *Earneſt's* Head, in return of his Snow-balls.

Mom. Here are a few at your Service.

1. Whether the Soft and Gentle Hand of him who wrot the Loyal 80, and the Disloyal 40 and 41, has not been hard enough to hurt the soft place in *Heraclitus's* Head, that he could think of no better *Queries* for his Mr. *Earneſt* and *Jest*?

2. Whether there is not now in every Corner so much Popish Spawn, that if it be permitted to get Life, will not engender Frogs and Toads enough to plague the Land of *England*?

3. Whether therefore it is not Prudence and less difficult to prevent the Mischief, by spoiling the Spawn, before it gets Life; than to let it engender Mischief and Destruction to the Church of *England*, and to all Protestants besides.

4. Whether those who Clamour so much against Protestant Dissenters, are not Eggs of very evil Birds, new hatch'd by *Jesuitical* Influence? and whether they do not foully bewray their own Nests? and whether if they continue gaping as they now do, they will not be like the Cuckow, that devours the Dam that hatches him?

5. Whether if the People of *England* should Dance after *Heraclitus's* Pipe, or fall asleep with his Musick, they would not be Guilty of the *Phrygian* Policy, to be led by the Noses, till it were too late to help themselves.

6. Whether the prime Spawn of evil Councillors, who fling the Grievances on the Necks of the People, or the People who would willingly throw them off, are in the greatest fault? and if any Rebellion should happen, whether the former are not the efficient Cause?

7. Whether it is not the Prayer of all honest Non-Conformist, as well as all true *Englishmen*, that we may never more behold the Miseries of a Civil War in *England*? and whether it be not as much for the Security of his Majesty as themselves, that a Parliament might sit to prevent it?

8. Whether it will be any Comfort to the active Clamourers of 81, when they see Popery set up beyond their Intentions, to be the first that shall abjure their Religion, or taste the smart of Fire and Faggot?

9. Whether *Heraclitus* has not the quality of a cunning Gipsie, who is still ready to cry out Whore first?

10. Whether all the notorious Lyes that *Heraclitus* weekly spews forth, does not argue he has a foul Stomach? and whether it be not much for his benefit, that *Democritus* gives him a Purgation this Spring?

11. Whether Mr. *Heraclitus* or a Gander has the more rational Soul, who to have his Will of the Non-Conformists, would bring in Popery by the Head and *Ears*, and would set Fire of his own House, that he might Burn his Neighbours?

12. Whether *Heraclitus* furnishes his Pocket Book with more Notes from *Toby's* Coffe-house, or from *Gotham* Colledge?

13. Whether he that Writes the *Mystery of Iniquity*, be not the *Earneſt* to *Heraclitus's* *Jest*? and whether he has not a great lump of it in his Breast?

14. Whether that Fidler be any good Musician, who stays so long Harping upon one String?

15. Whether if a Man Swears he is an honest man ten Thousand times, and yet plays all the Tricks of a Knaves; which will be most easily Credited, his Swearing or his Doing?

16. Whether what *Towzer* got by his Scribbling might not have been put into his eyes, and he see ne'r the worse? and whether *Heraclitus* be so well paid for his fooling, as will buy off the Odium of his Knavery?

17. Whether all the Lullabies, Sing-songs, and Jests that *Heraclitus* can use, will be able to put the People into a Letbargick Nap, to forget their Dangers, or to laugh away all their Fears and Jealousies of Popery?

Com. Enough good Mr. *Momus*, I see you are full of Spawn.

Mom. As full of *Query* as an Egg is full of Meat.

Com. Well Sir, I must be gone, for I'm in great hast; I am to meet with a Painter about this hour, to give him Instructions for Painting *Heraclitus's* Picture.

Mom. *Heraclitus's* Picture! What Invisible *Heraclitus*, that lies in the Hold of *Ben Took's* Ship, gnawing of Protestant Cheese, like an old Rat? did you ever see him?

Com. No; But I went to a certain Conjurer, who shew'd me his Face in a Glass, and I intend to get him Painted.

Mom. What to do?

Com. To get Money by it, Man: Ile shew him for Pence a piece out of the *Castle* on the *Elephant*: look you here's my Advice to a Painter.

*D*raw me a Man with Cloudy Face and Muddy, Musing alone and in a deep brown Studdy, Hatching of Mischief, Snarling like a Dog, All o're as Prickly as a wild Hedge-Hog. Parte per pale let all his Garments be, Lac'd with the Mystery of Iniquity. Shew all his woolly Teeth, and let him Grin, And Place him sitting on a Lump of Sin. Before him on a Shelf let his Books stand, And let Pen, Ink and Paper be at Hand. Paint him with thredbare Doublet, Coat and Breeches, Lean as a Dog that's hunting after Bitches: In's Face make use of all your deepest Paint, Make him demure, and simp'ring like a Saint: At's Elbow paint a Jack-daw and a Rook, With faces like the Devil and Ben. Took, Inspiring of their Oracle; and then Let his each hand be furnish'd with a Pen. Dip then your Pencil in your blackest Paint: Make one hand Ridens, th' other write Courant. Then o're his Head in Capital Letters write thus, The Picture of Renowned HERACLITUS.

Advertisement.

*I*f any one be desirous to learn the New Art of Engraving and Etching in Copper Plates, made of the Devils own Kettle, let him repair to Mr. *Heraclitus Ridens*, the Popes chief Engraver in *England*, and he will shew you the new way of Engraving with the Devils Claw, and of Etching with the *Aqua Fortis* of Malice and Rancour, taken out of the *Syrian* Pool. He professes also the Art of Drawing false Images in *Skeldry*, and of engraving of odious Comparisons, wicked A&Ets, Devilish Inferences, false Lights, deep Shadows, Rebellious Remembrances, Tragical Events, and of heighting of bad Stroaks, and making them worse; and of Painting the Protestants more black and deformed than the Papists. He also hath for an example engraven his own Picture to the Life, which is so like, that you cannot know it from *Jesuit* or a Devil.